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C. J. Parker  
St Joseph









*Fitz John Hall*

GEMS OF POETRY,  
FROM  
FORTY-EIGHT  
AMERICAN POETS.

EMBRACING  
THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS.

WITH PORTRAITS.

HARTFORD:  
S. ANDRUS AND SON.

1850.

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## PREFACE.

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THIS little volume is confidently offered to the public, as a suitable companion for the adult or the juvenile class of readers, and with the confident hope that the beautiful productions, of which it is composed, will be duly appreciated by every admirer of polite literature. Our poetry is, as yet, almost entirely lyric in its character. Barlow's Columbiad is an exception; but that work, though not contemptible, is deficient in all the properties of a great poem. No one, in these days, would think of quoting it as a production honorable to our infant literature. The lumbering epic of Dr. Dwight, though marked with passages of beauty, is yet little better than dull prose, measured off into indifferent pentameters. An *obruit oblivio* is already its doom. There have been other long-winded attempts in verse, claiming the title of epics, which it is now the part of humanity to forget. Our poetical history cannot be traced back, with much credit to ourselves, beyond the last war. Since that period few of our poets have attempted to soar beyond the lyric in their efforts.

The "Bucaneer" of Dana, and the "Curiosity" of Sprague, are works which will be honorably remembered while American literature survives. Hal-

leck's "Alnwick Castle" is decidedly one of the most spirited poems of the kind in the language. But our most promising poets — those who have given the most unequivocal proofs that they possess "the vision and the faculty divine" — seem to have contented themselves with one or two exhibitions of their strength, and to have quitted the arena after showing of what they are capable ; they seem to think it "excellent to have a giant's strength," but manifest no disposition to "use it like a giant."

The fact is, that the causes of our deficiency in works of poetry, as well as in other departments of literature, are to be looked for, not in any imaginary want of the outward elements of inspiration, or of the inward sympathies that feel and appreciate them, and the genius which gives to them expression, — but in the circumstances by which we are surrounded, and under which we grow up, and in the general necessity by which we are impelled to action. So many opportunities of honorable enterprise are presented to our young men, and such are the diverting prospects held out to them, that they often lose, in the excitement of politics or the bustle of trade, those poetic aspirations, which they may at one time have cherished. In this new country, where the most lavish resources of nature and of art are daily being developed,

"All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion,  
And many a cloud drifts by, but none sojourns."

We have no time to "strictly meditate the thankless muse." A new railroad may interfere with the

progress of a new poem, and the turmoil of an election may not chime with the melody of verse. A good poet in this country often subsides into a second-rate politician ; or he may turn his attention from the speculations of fancy to speculations in stocks. One of our 'most enchanting bards is in the "cotton trade and sugar line ;" another is a cashier in a bank ; and another (*proh pudor !*) is a partisan editor.

It would be absurd to deny that all the sources of inspiration, and all the external influences which can operate upon a poet, abound in unlimited exuberance in this country. Nature has been most lavish of her wonders. Our ancient and magnificent forests, in one of which, to borrow an idea from John Neal, a whole nation of Europe might lose itself—our inland oceans, where fleets might wander, and have wandered, for weeks without coming in sight of each other—our mountains bristling with dark woods—our stupendous cataracts—our immense prairies rolling their waves of verdure as the sea rolls its billows, and bounded, like the sea, on all sides by a level horizon—our princely and abounding rivers—our line of sea-coast, indented with noble bays, sublime in storm and beautiful in calm—all these natural characteristics cannot be regarded as deficient in the elements of the loftiest poetry.

The collection of poems here offered to the public has no higher pretension than that of being simply a specimen of the lyrical poetry of our country. Many such volumes would not contain half of the American productions in verse, which are worthy of being embraced in such a collection.



In glancing over some of the names to the list of pieces in the index, we are impressed with the mournful consideration, that many of our poets, who gave ample promise of future excellence, have been prematurely withdrawn from among us by death. The tenderness, the pathos and beauty of some of Brainerd's verse, prove that he was a poet of the finest mould. There are two or three little lyrics by Pinckney, which are remarkable for their delicacy and elegance of thought. Drake was a poet of no mean order, and we are glad to perceive that a collection of his works has recently been published. Miller and Rockwell deserve to be freshly remembered. These votaries of song passed away to "the land of silence" before they had attained their prime. There are many, however, still left among us, who also "were in Arcadia born." We trust that they have not wholly forsaken the pursuit, which claimed their early affections.

## CONTENTS.

---

|   | Page. |
|---|-------|
| Poetry. By James G. Percival.....                 | 13    |
| The American Flag. By J. R. Drake.....            | 15    |
| Song of Marion's Men. By W. C. Bryant.....        | 17    |
| A Poet's Daughter. By F. G. Halleck.....          | 20    |
| To a Blank Sheet of Paper. By O. W. Holmes.....   | 23    |
| Hymn of the Moravian Nuns. By H. W. Longfellow... | 25    |
| To a City Pigeon. By N. P. Willis.....            | 27    |
| Italy. By E. D. Griffin.....                      | 28    |
| Burns. By F. G. Halleck.....                      | 31    |
| Ode. By Charles Sprague.....                      | 38    |
| Summer Wind. By W. C. Bryant.....                 | 39    |
| Old Ironsides. By O. W. Holmes.....               | 41    |
| The Sea Bird's Song. By J. G. C. Brainard.....    | 42    |
| The Bugle. By Grenville Mellen.....               | 44    |
| Thanatopsis. By W. C. Bryant.....                 | 46    |
| Sunshine and Storm.....                           | 48    |
| The Banner of Murat. By P. M. Wetmore.....        | 50    |
| To the Ice Mountain. By J. O. Rockwell.....       | 51    |
| The Last Prophecy of Cassandra.....               | 53    |
| Death. By R. Morris.....                          | 55    |
| The Spectre Ship of Salem. By J. G. Whittier..... | 57    |
| Napoleon. By Grenville Mellen.....                | 63    |
| From a Bachelor's Private Journal.....            | 65    |
| Lines. ....                                       | 66    |
| To a Wave. By J. O. Rockwell.....                 | 68    |
| Philip of Mount Hope.....                         | 70    |
| The Widow of Nain. By N. P. Willis.....           | 71    |

|  | Page. |
|--|-------|
| The Leaf. By S. G. Goodrich.....                                 | 75    |
| The Departed. By Park Benjamin.....                              | 76    |
| Death. By W. B. O. Peabody.....                                  | 78    |
| The Pilgrim Fathers. By John Pierpont.....                       | 80    |
| Infidelity. By R. C. Sands.....                                  | 81    |
| The Future. By Anna M. Wells.....                                | 82    |
| The Beggar.....  | 84    |
| Genius Slumbering. By J. G. Percival.....                        | 86    |
| Genius Waking. By the same.....                                  | 88    |
| White Roses. By Louisa P. Smith.....                             | 91    |
| The Coral Insect. By Lydia H. Sigourney.....                     | 92    |
| To a Waterfowl. By W. C. Bryant.....                             | 94    |
| To My Companions.....  | 95    |
| The Arctic Lover to his Mistress. By W. C. Bryant..              | 97    |
| Stanzas.....   | 99    |
| A Flight of Fancy. By Park Benjamin.....                         | 100   |
| The Dilemma. By O. W. Holmes.....                                | 102   |
| A Love Letter. By J. G. W. ....                                  | 104   |
| The Exile. By C. Sherry.....                                     | 107   |
| Sonnet. By Anna M. Wells.....                                    | 108   |
| May. By J. G. Percival.....                                      | 109   |
| The Gladiator. By J. A. Jones.....                               | 110   |
| Dirge of Alaric. By E. Everett.....                              | 113   |
| To a Lady. By C. Sherry.....                                     | 116   |
| A Wish.....  | 119   |
| The Sea Diver. By H. W. Longfellow.....                          | 120   |
| The Winds. By Hannah F. Gould.....                               | 122   |
| To the Memory of J. G. C. Brainard. By J. G. Whit-<br>tier ..... | 123   |
| Morning Twilight. By J. G. Percival.....                         | 125   |
| Ambition. By John Neal.....                                      | 126   |
| Autumnal Nightfall. By H. W. Longfellow.....                     | 127   |
| A Parting Song. By J. W. Miller.....                             | 129   |
| Hymn at Midnight. By Park Benjamin.....                          | 131   |
| Song. By Edward C. Pinckney.....                                 | 132   |

# CONTENTS.

11

|  | Page. |
|--|-------|
| Lines. By J. G. Percival.....                                  | 133   |
| Sunrise on the Hills. By H. W. Longfellow.....                 | 134   |
| America to Great Britain. By Washington Allston....            | 136   |
| Love Unchangeable. By R. Dawes.....                            | 138   |
| The Star and the Lily. By O. W. Holmes.....                    | 139   |
| To My Cigar. By Charles Sprague.....                           | 141   |
| To the South Wind. By J. W. Miller.....                        | 143   |
| Love. By F. G. Halleck.....                                    | 144   |
| Highland Ballad. By J. W. Miller.....                          | 146   |
| The Mermaid's Song. By H. F. Gould.....                        | 148   |
| The Shower. By J. W. Miller.....                               | 149   |
| His Captors to Andre. By J. W. Miller.....                     | 151   |
| Funeral of the Osage Warrior. By Lydia H. Sig-<br>ourney.....  | 153   |
| Stanzas. By Lydia H. Sigourney.....                            | 155   |
| Philosophy. By C. Sherry.....                                  | 156   |
| A Health. By Edward C. Pinkney.....                            | 162   |
| To a Child.....  | 163   |
| Hymn of Nature. By W. B. O. Peabody.....                       | 165   |
| The Little Beach Bird. By R. H. Dana.....                      | 167   |
| Morning among the Hills. By J. G. Percival.....                | 169   |
| To a Lady. By J. W. Miller.....                                | 173   |
| The Little Foot. By Hannah F. Gould.....                       | 174   |
| The Dying Storm. By H. F. Gould.....                           | 167   |
| The Swedish Miner. By I. McLellan, Jr.....                     | 173   |
| The Ship is ready. By H. F. Gould.....                         | 180   |
| Lines to her who can understand them. By F. G.<br>Halleck..... | 181   |
| The Dying Seneca. By O. W. Holmes.....                         | 184   |
| Painting. By P. M. Wetmore.....                                | 185   |
| The First Day of the Year. By S. J. Hale.....                  | 187   |
| The Birth of Thunder. By W. J. Snelling.....                   | 190   |
| To the Witch Hazel.....  | 195   |
| Illustration of a Picture. By I. McLellan, Jr.....             | 196   |
| To——. By O. W. B. Peabody.....                                 | 197   |

|   | Page. |
|---|-------|
| The Storm of War. By J. G. C. Brainard.....         | 200   |
| The Last Leaf. By O. W. Holmes.....                 | 202   |
| Stanzas. By J. G. C. Brainard.....                  | 204   |
| The Dead Mariner. By G. D. Prentice.....            | 205   |
| To the Daughter of a Friend. By J. G. C. Brainard.. | 207   |
| The Sea Boy to his Barque. By G. D. Strong.....     | 208   |
| The Young. By W. G. Clark.....                      | 211   |
| To a Lady for a Nosegay. By J. G. C. Brainard....   | 212   |
| I see thee still. By Charles Sprague.....           | 213   |
| Canzonet. By John Howard Payne.....                 | 215   |
| Lines. By Charles Sprague.....                      | 215   |
| A Morning Hymn. By W. G. Clark.....                 | 218   |
| Night Winds. By Henry Lance.....                    | 219   |
| The Last Request. By B. B. Thatcher.....            | 221   |
| A Sea Piece.....                                    | 222   |
| Stanzas. By St. George Tucker.....                  | 223   |
| The Lost at Sea. By J. O. Rockwell.....             | 225   |
| Returning a Stolen Ring. By C. Sherry.....          | 227   |
| Love and Friendship. By W. Leggett.....             | 228   |
| Stanzas.....  | 229   |
| Night. By F. S. Eckard.....                         | 231   |
| To a Friend.....                                    | 232   |
| The Billet-doux. By F. A. Durivage.....             | 234   |
| Song. By Rufus Dawes.....                           | 235   |
| The Annoyer. By N. P. Willis.....                   | 237   |
| The Coral Grove. By J. G. Percival.....             | 239   |
| We meet again. By George Lunt.....                  | 240   |
| The Spirit of the Air.....                          | 241   |
| Calm at Sea.....                                    | 243   |
| Greece. By J. G. Brooks.....                        | 244   |
| Song of the Bee. By O. C. Wyman.....                | 247   |
| To a Lady with a withered Leaf. By W. G. Crosby..   | 249   |
| The Lyre. By M. Ward.....                           | 250   |

## GEMS OF POETRY.

---

### POETRY.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

THE world is full of Poetry—the air  
Is living with its spirit ; and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled  
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls,  
That close the universe with crystal in,  
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim  
The unseen glories of immensity,  
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,  
For aught but beings of celestial mould,  
And speak to man in one eternal hymn  
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir  
For ever charming, and for ever new ;  
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,  
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,  
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise  
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore  
Of the wide ocean resting after storms ;

Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,  
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles  
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand  
Skilful, and moved, with passionate love of art,  
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft  
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls  
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,  
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend  
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,  
Commingling with the melody, is borne,  
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven.

'T is not the chime and flow of words, that move  
In measured file, and metrical array ;  
'T is not the union of returning sounds,  
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,  
And quantity, and accent, that can give  
This all pervading spirit to the ear,  
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.  
'T is a mysterious feeling, which combines  
Man with the world around him, in a chain  
Woven of flowers, and dipped in sweetness, till  
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts  
With all existences, in earth and heaven,  
That meet him in the charm of grace and power  
'T is not the noisy babbler, who displays,  
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,  
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,  
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments  
That overload their littleness. Its words

Are few, but deep and solemn ; and they break  
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full  
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired  
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,  
His language winged with terror, as when bolts  
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,  
Commissioned to affright us, and destroy.



## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there !  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light,  
Then from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest tramping loud,  
And see the lightning-lances driven,  
When stride the warriors of the storm,



And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven.  
Child of the sun ! to thee 't is given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbinger of victory !

Flag of the brave ! Thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high !  
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,)  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy meteor glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,—  
There shall thy victor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death !

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave,  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,

When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,—  
The dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly,  
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home !  
By angel hands to valour given,—  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven !  
Forever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe that stands before us ?  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

~~~~~  
SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold ;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree ;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight,  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When waking to their tents on fire  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror, deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil:  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly,  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'T is life our fiery barbs to guide  
Across the moonlight plains;  
'T is life to feel the night wind  
That lifts their tossing manes.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs,  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And loveliest ladies greet our band,  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
Forever, from our shore.

## A POET'S DAUGHTER

BY F. G. HALLECK

Written for Miss \*\*\*, at the request of her father.

'A LADY asks the minstrel's rhyme.'  
A lady asks? There was a time  
When, musical as play-bells' chime  
To wearied boy,  
That sound would summon dreams sublime  
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway  
Life's first-born fancies first decay,  
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay  
Of young romance;  
There linger but her ruins gray  
And broken lance.

'This is no world,' so Hotspur said,  
For 'tilting lips' and 'mammets' made,  
No longer in love's myrtle shade  
My thoughts recline—  
I'm busy in the cotton trade,  
And sugar line.

'T is youth, 't is beauty asks—the green  
And growing leaves of seventeen  
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,  
A violet flower:

Nursed by the virtues she hath been  
From childhood's hour.'

Blind passion's picture—yet for this  
We woo the life-long bridal kiss,  
And blend our every hope of bliss  
With her's we love ;  
Her's—who admired a serpent's hiss  
In Eden's grove !

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride,  
Youth—'t was the charm of her who died  
At dawn, and, by her coffin's side,  
A grandsire stands ;  
Age-strengthened, like the oak, storm-tried,  
Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells !  
Be silent, memory's funeral bells !  
Lone in my heart, her home, it dwells,  
Untold till death,  
And where the grave-mound greenly swells  
O'er buried faith.

'But she who asks has rank and power,  
And treasured gold, and bannered tower,  
A kingdom for her marriage dower,  
Broad seas and lands ;  
Armies her train, a throne her bower,  
A queen commands !'

A queen? Earth's regal suns have set.  
Where perished Marie Antoinette?  
Where's Bordeaux's mother? where the jet-  
Black Haytian dame?  
And Lusitania's coronet?  
And Angouleme?

Empires to-day are upside down,  
The castle kneels before the town,  
The monarch fears a printer's frown,  
A brick-bat's range—  
Give me, in preference to a crown,  
Five shillings change.

'Another asks—though first among  
The good, the beautiful, the young,  
The birthright of a spell more strong  
Than these hath brought her;  
She is your kinswoman in song,  
A poet's daughter!'

A poet's daughter? Could I claim  
The consanguinity of fame,  
Veins of my intellectual frame,  
Your blood would glow  
Proudly, to sing that gentlest name  
Of aught below!

A poet's daughter! Dearer word  
Lip hath not spoke, nor listener heard,

Fit theme for song of bee and bird  
From morn till even,  
And wind-harp, by the breathing stirred  
Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak—the fire  
Poetic comes but to expire,  
Her name needs not my humble lyre  
To bid it live;  
She hath already from her sire  
All bard can give.

~~~~~

## TO A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER.

BY O. W. HOLMES

Wan visaged thing! thy virgin leaf  
To me looks more than deadly pale,—  
Unknowing what may stain thee yet—  
A poem or a tale.

Who can thy unborn meaning scan?  
Can Seer or Sibyl read thee now?  
No—seek to trace the fate of man  
Writ on his infant brow.

Love may light on thy snowy cheek,  
And shake his Eden breathing plumes,  
Then shalt thou tell how Lelia smiles,  
Or Angelina blooms.



Satire may lift his bearded lance,  
    Forestalling Time's slow moving scytæ,  
And, scattered on thy little field,  
    Disjointed bards may writhe.

Perchance a vision of the night,  
    Some grizzled spectre, gaunt and thin,  
Or sheeted corpse may stalk along,  
    Or skeleton may grin!

If it should be in pensive hour,  
    Some sorrow moving theme I try,  
Ah maiden, how thy tears will fall,  
    For all I doom to die!

But if in merry mood I touch  
    Thy leaves, then shall the sight of thee  
Sow smiles as thick on rosy lips,  
    As ripples on the sea.

The Weekly press shall gladly stoop  
    To bind thee up among its sheaves;  
The Daily steal thy shining ore,  
    To gild its leaden leaves.

Thou hast no tongue, yet thou canst speak,  
    Till distant shores shall hear the sound,  
Thou hast no life, yet thou canst breathe  
    Fresh life on all around.





Henry W. Longfellow

Thou art the arena of the wise,—  
The noiseless battle-ground of fame,  
The sky where halos may be wreathed  
Around the humblest name.

## HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

[The Standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.]

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowed head,  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where before the altar hung,  
That proud banner which, with prayer,  
Had been consecrated there.  
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while  
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner!—may it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave,  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,

When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner!—and beneath  
The war cloud's encircling wreath,  
Guard it till our homes are free—  
Guard it—God will prosper thee!  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner!—but when night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him!—by our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him—he our love hath shared—  
Spare him—as thou would'st be spared.

Take thy banner!—and if e'er  
Thou should'st press the soldier's bier,  
And the muffled drum should beat  
To the tread of mournful feet,  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for thee!  
And the warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and shroud!

## TO A CITY PIGEON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove!  
Thy daily visits have touched my love!  
I watch thy coming, and list the note  
That swells so low in thy mellow throat,  
And my joy is high,  
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye.

Why dost thou sit on the heated eaves,  
And forsake the wood with its freshened leaves?  
Why dost thou haunt the sultry street,  
When the paths of the forest are cool and sweet?  
And canst thou bear  
This noise of people—this breezeless air?

Thou alone of the feathered race,  
Dost look unscared on the human face;  
Thou alone, with a wing to flee,  
Doth love with man in his haunts to be;  
And the 'gentle dove,'  
Has become a name for trust and love.

A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!  
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word,  
Thou'rt linked with all that is fresh and wild  
In the prisoned thoughts of the city child—  
And thy even wings  
Are its brightest image of moving things.

It is no light chance. Thou art set apart  
Wisely by Him who tamed thy heart—  
To stir the love for the bright and fair,  
That else were sealed in the crowded air;

I sometimes dream  
Angelic rays from thy pinions stream.

Come, then, even when daylight leaves  
The page I read, to my humble eaves;  
And wash thy breast in the hollow spout  
And murmur thy low sweet music out,—

I hear and see  
Lessons of heaven, sweet bird, in thee!



## ITALY.

BY E. D. GRIFFIN.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair!  
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower!  
To hail whose strand, to breathe whose genial air,  
Is bliss to all who feel of bliss the power.  
To look upon whose mountains in the hour  
When thy sun sinks in glory, and a veil  
Of purple flows around them, would restore  
The sense of beauty, when all else might fail.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair  
Parent of fruits, alas! no more of men!  
Where springs the olive e'en from mountains bare,

The yellow harvest loads the scarce tilled plain,  
Spontaneous shoots the vine, in rich festoon  
From tree to tree depending, and the flowers  
Wreathe with their chaplets, sweet though fading  
soon,  
E'en fallen columns, and decaying towers.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair,  
Home of the beautiful, but not the brave!  
Where noble form, bold outline, princely air,  
Distinguish e'en the peasant and the slave:  
Where like the goddess sprung from ocean's wave,  
Her mortal sisters boast immortal grace,  
Nor spoil those charms which partial nature gave,  
By art's weak aids or fashion's vain grimace.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair  
Thou nurse of every art, save one alone,  
The art of self-defiance! Thy fostering care  
Brings out a nobler life from senseless stone,  
And bids e'en canvass speak; thy magic tone,  
Infused in music, now constrains the soul  
With tears the power of melody to own,  
And now with passionate throbs that spurn  
control.

Would that thou wert less fair, at least more strong,  
Grave of the mighty dead, the living mean!  
Can nothing rouse ye both? no tyrant's wrong,  
No memory of the brave, of what has been?



Yon broken arch once spoke of triumph, then  
That mouldering wall too spoke of brave defence—  
Shades of departed heroes, rise again!  
Italians, rise, and thrust the oppressors hence

Oh, Italy! my country, fare thee well!  
For art thou not my country, at whose breast  
Were nurtured those whose thoughts within me  
    dwell,  
The fathers of my mind! whose fame imprest,  
E'en on my infant fancy, bade it rest  
With patriot fondness on thy hills and streams,  
Ere yet thou didst receive me as a guest,  
Lovelier than I had seen thee in my dreams?

Then fare thee well, my country, loved and lost  
Too early lost, alas! when once so dear;  
I turn in sorrow from thy glorious coast,  
And urge the feet forbid to linger here.  
But must I rove by Arno's current clear,  
And hear the rush of Tiber's yellow flood,  
And wander on the mount, now waste and drear,  
Where Cæsar's palace in its glory stood;

And see again Parthenope's loved bay,  
And Pæstum's shrines, and Baia's classic shore,  
And mount the bark, and listen to the lay  
That floats by night through Venice--never more?  
Far off I seem to hear the Atlantic roar—  
It washes not our feet, that envious sea,

But waits, with outstretched arms, to waft me o'er  
To other lands, far, far, alas, from thee.

Fare, fare thee well once more. I love thee not  
As other things inanimate. Thou art  
The cherished mistress of my youth ; forgot  
Thou never canst be while I have a heart.  
Launched on those waters, wild with storm and  
wind,  
I know not, ask not, what may be my lot ;  
For, torn from thee, no fear can touch my mind,  
Brooding in gloom on that one bitter thought.

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BURNS.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

To a rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire, in the  
Autumn of 1822.

WILD rose of Alloway ! my thanks—  
Thou mindst me of that autumn noon,  
When first we met upon 'the banks  
And braes o' Bonny Doon.'

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,  
My sunny hour was glad and brief,  
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou  
Art withered,—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine,—  
The doom of all things wrought of clay, --  
And withered my life's leaf like thine,  
Wild rose of Alloway ?

Not so his memory, for whose sake  
My bosom bore thee far and long,  
His—who a humbler flower could make  
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name  
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup  
A nation's glory, and her shame,  
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest  
Forgot—she's canonized his mind,  
And it is joy to speak the best  
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed  
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath,  
A straw-thatched roof above his head,  
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,  
His monument—that tells to Heaven  
The homage of earth's proudest isle  
To that Bard-peasant given !

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,  
Boy-Minstrel, in thy dreaming hour,—  
And know, however low his lot,  
A Poet's pride and power

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,  
The power that gave a child of song  
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,  
The rich, the brave, the strong.

And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,  
Despair—thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,  
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,  
And lays lit up with Poesy's  
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death,—  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there,  
And few have won a greener wreath  
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,  
In which the answering heart would speak,  
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his, that music, to whose tone  
The common pulse of man keeps time,  
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt  
Before its spell with willing knee,  
And listened, and believed, and felt  
The Poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,  
O'er the heart's sunshine, and its showers,  
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,  
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men 'die or do,'  
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,  
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo  
From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,  
What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
When 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'  
Or 'Auld lang Syne' is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,  
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,  
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,  
With 'Logan's, banks and braes.'

And when he breathes his master-lay  
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,  
All passions in our frames of clay  
Come thronging at his call;

Imagination's world of air,  
And our own world, its gloom and glee,  
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,  
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,  
Though rough and dark the path he trod,  
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,  
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and wo,  
With wounds that only death could heal,  
Tortures—the poor alone can know,  
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,  
His independent tongue and pen,  
And moved, in manhood and in youth,  
Pride of his fellow men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
Of coward, and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear, and would not bow  
Were written in his manly eye,  
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard!—his words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood  
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,  
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,  
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,  
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,  
With the mute homage that we pay  
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,  
The last, the hallowed home of one  
Who lives upon all memories,  
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines  
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,  
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,  
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed  
The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home  
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,  
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,  
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have prest  
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,  
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,  
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,  
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,  
And gather feelings not of earth  
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,  
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,  
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries !  
The Poet's tomb is there :

But what to them the sculptor's art,  
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns ?  
Wear they not graven on the heart  
The name of Robert Burns ?



## ODE,

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE

WHEN from the sacred garden driven,  
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,  
An Angel left her place in heaven,  
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.  
'T was Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke,  
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,  
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,  
'The Curse a Blessing shall be found.'

She led him through the trackless wild,  
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed ;—  
The thistle shrunk—the harvest smiled,  
And nature gladdened as she gazed.  
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,  
At Art's command to him are given,  
The village grows, the city springs,  
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,  
To guard the shores its beauty graced ;  
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,  
See towers of strength and domes of taste.  
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,  
Fire bears his banner on the wave,  
He bids the mortal poison heal,  
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,  
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill;  
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,  
And mocks his own Creator's skill.  
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,  
He bids the ore illumine the page,  
And proudly scorning time's control,  
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,  
And treads the chambers of the sky,  
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame  
That quivers round the Throne on high  
In war renowned, in peace sublime,  
He moves in greatness and in grace;  
His power subduing space and time,  
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

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## SUMMER WIND.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drank  
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;  
There is no rustling in the lofty elm  
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade  
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint  
And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again

Instantly on the wing. The plants around  
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize  
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops  
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.  
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,  
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,  
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light  
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,  
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—  
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops  
Shining in the far ether—fire the air  
With a reflected radiance, and make turn  
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie  
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,  
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,  
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind  
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,  
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?  
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth  
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves  
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,  
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,  
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak  
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!  
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!  
The deep distressful silence of the scene  
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds  
And universal motion. He is come,  
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,  
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings

Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,  
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice  
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs  
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,  
By the road-side and borders of the brook,  
Nod gaily to each other; glossy leaves  
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew  
Were on them yet, and silver waters break  
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.



## "OLD IRONSIDES."

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Ax! pull her tattered ensign down,  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many a heart has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood  
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the conqueror's tread  
Or know the conquered knee ;  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea !

Oh better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave ;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep  
And there should be her grave.  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms—  
The lightning and the gale !

## THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

BY J. G. BRAINARD.

ON the deep is the mariner's danger,  
On the deep is the mariner's death ;  
Who to fear of the tempest a stranger,  
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath ?  
'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
Lone looker on despair,  
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
The only witness there.

Who watches their course who so mildly,  
Career to the kiss of the breeze?  
Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly  
Are clasped in the arms of the seas!  
'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird, &c.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,  
And her who has clung to his neck?  
Whose wing is the wing that can cover,  
With its shadows the foundering wreck?  
'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird, &c.

My eye is the light of the billow,  
My wing on the wake of the wave—  
I shall take to my breast—for a pillow—  
The shroud of the fair and the brave—  
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird, &c.

My foot on the ice-berg has lighted  
When hoarse the wild winds veer about,  
My eye when the bark is benighted  
Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.  
I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
Lone looker on despair,  
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,  
The only witness there.

## THE BUGLE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolonged the swelling bugle note,  
The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answered with their scream ;  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seemed an answering blast.

*Lady of the Lake*

Oh! wild enchanting horn!  
Whose music up the deep and dewy air  
Swells to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,  
Till a new melody is born—

Wake, wake again, the night  
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,  
With still stars burning on her azure crown,  
Intense, and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!  
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,  
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,  
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,  
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,  
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,  
With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out !  
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,  
And my stirred spirit hears thee with a start  
As boyhood's old remembered shout.

Oh ! have ye heard that peal,  
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,  
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,  
Like some near breath around you steal ?

Or have ye in the roar  
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,  
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,  
Where wings and tempests never soar ?

Go, go—no other sound,  
No music that of air or earth is born,  
Can match the mighty music of that horn,  
On midnight's fathomless profound !



## THANATOPSIS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language ; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides



Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—  
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.  
Yet not to thy eternal resting place  
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings  
The powerful of the earth the wise, the good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green ; and poured round  
all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall  
Unheeded by the living—and no friend  
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,  
And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—  
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.  
So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.



## SUNSHINE AND STORM.

Look upon those clouds that lie  
Pillowed on the far-off sky,  
So resplendent and serene,  
That they hardly dim its sheen ;  
Look upon the sparkling deep,  
Where the golden sunbeams sleep,  
And across the waters bright  
Braid their quivering lines of light.

Yet the spirit of the storm  
Masks his elemental form  
Underneath this silent rest,  
Which is over nature's breast :  
And a day may hardly pass  
'Ere a dark and heavy mass  
Will beneath the sunshine spread,  
Like a canopy of lead.

And the shrieking gale will fly  
Trailing vapors through the sky ;  
And the waves will crowd and roar  
To the rock-engirdled shore,  
And the rustling forest swing  
To the tempest's mighty wing,  
And the ocean, and the land,  
Feel the fury of his hand.

Is not this alternate strife  
Like the changes of our life ?  
And may not the storm arise  
In the quiet of our skies,  
And the folds of darkness roll  
O'er the radiance of the soul,  
And the gladness of the heart  
Like a flash of light depart ?—

Far above the shifting clouds,  
Nought the perfect lustre shrouds,  
And the sheeting sunlight there

Fills the blue untroubled air ;  
So when we may once be clear  
From the mists around us here—  
Shadows from the realms of night  
Will not cross our path of light.

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## THE BANNER OF MURAT

BY P. M. WETMORE.

*'Thou, of the snow white plume !'—Byron.*

FOREMOST among the first,  
And bravest of the brave !  
Where'er the battle's fury burst,  
Or rolled its purple wave—  
There flashed his glance like a meteor,  
As he charged the foe afar ;  
And the snowy plume that his helmet bore,  
Was the banner of Murat !

Mingler on many a field,  
Where rung wild victory's peal !  
That fearless spirit was like a shield—  
A panoply of steel :  
For very joy in a glorious name,  
He rushed where danger stood ;  
And that banner-plume like a winged flame,  
Streamed o'er the field of blood !

His followers loved to gaze  
On his form, with a fierce delight,  
As it towered above the battle's blaze—  
A pillar 'midst the fight:  
And eyes looked up, ere they closed in death,  
Through the thick and sulphury air—  
And lips shrieked out with their parting breath,  
'The lily plume is there!'

A cloud is o'er him now—  
For the peril hour hath come—  
And he stands with his high unshaded brow,  
On the fearful spot of doom:  
Away! no screen for a soldier's eye—  
No fear his soul appals;  
A rattling peal—and a shuddering cry—  
And bannerless he falls!

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## TO THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

BY JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

GRAVE of waters gone to rest!  
Jewel, dazzling all the main!  
Father of the silver crest!  
Wandering on the trackless plain,  
Sleeping mid the wavy roar.

Sailing mid the angry storm,  
Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,  
Piling to the clouds thy form!

Wandering monument of rain,  
Prisoned by the sullen north!  
But to melt thy hated chain,  
Is it that thou comest forth?  
Wend thee to the sunny south,  
To the glassy summer sea,  
And the breathings of her mouth  
Shall unchain and gladden thee!

Roamer in the hidden path,  
'Neath the green and clouded wave!  
Trampling in thy reckless wrath,  
On the lost, but cherished brave;  
Parting love's death-linked embrace  
Crushing beauty's skeleton—  
Tell us what the hidden race  
With our mourned lost have done!

Floating ship, who in the sun  
Art an icy coronal;  
And beneath the viewless dun,  
'Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall;  
Shining Death upon the sea!  
Wend thee to the southern main;  
Bend to God thy melting knee!  
Mingle with the wave again!

## THE LAST PROPHECY OF CASSANDRA.

THE sun is fading in the skies,  
And evening shades are gathering fast ;  
Fair city, ere that sun shall rise,  
Thy night hath come—thy day is past !

Ye know not—but the hour is nigh ;  
Ye will not heed the warning breath ;  
No vision strikes your clouded eye,  
To break the sleep that wakes in death.

Go, age, and let thy withered cheek  
Be wet once more with freezing tears ;  
And bid thy trembling sorrow speak,  
In accents of departed years.

Go, child, and pour thy sinless prayer  
Before the everlasting throne ;  
And he who sits in glory there  
May stoop to hear thy silver tone.

Go, warrior, in thy glittering steel,  
And bow thee at the altar's side ,  
And bid thy frowning gods reveal  
The doom their mystic counsels hide.



54 THE LAST PROPHECY OF CASSANDRA.

Go, maiden, in thy flowing veil,  
And bare thy brow, and bend thy knee ;  
When the last hopes of mercy fail,  
Thy God may yet remember thee.

Go, as thou went in happier hours,  
And lay thine incense on the shrine ;  
And greener leaves, and fairer flowers,  
Around the sacred image twine.

I saw them rise—the buried dead—  
From marble tomb and grassy mound :  
I heard the spirits' printless tread,  
And voices not of earthly sound.

I looked upon the quivering stream,  
And its cold wave was bright with flame ;  
And wild, as from a fearful dream,  
The wasted forms of battle came.

Ye will not hear—ye will not know—  
Ye scorn the maniac's idle song ;  
Ye care not ! but the voice of wo  
Shall thunder loud, and echo long.

Blood shall be in your marble halls,  
And spears shall glance, and fire shall glow ;  
Ruin shall sit upon your walls,  
But ye shall lie in death below.

Ay, none shall live—to hear the storm  
Around their blackened pillars sweep :  
To shudder at the reptile's form,  
Or scare the wild bird from her sleep.  
*Collegium*

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## DEATH.

BY R. MORRIS.

POUR not the voice of grief  
Above the sable bier !  
The weary spirit finds relief  
In some more hallowed sphere.  
What recks it that the lip  
Hath lost its thrilling hue—  
Untainted was their fellowship  
As blushing rose and dew.  
And now—too soon a creeping thing,  
Will, like a leech, there feed and cling !  
  
Yet weep not for the dead  
Who early pass away,  
Ere hope and joy and youth have fled,  
Ere wo has wrought decay !  
Better to die in youth  
When life is green and bright,  
Than when the heart has lost its truth

In age and sorrow's night—  
Then woes and years around us throng,  
And death's chill grasp is on us long.

Life is a rifled flower  
When love's pure visions fade—  
A broken spell—a faded hour—  
An echo—and a shade!  
The poet's thirst for fame,  
And siren beauty's kiss,  
Ambition's height, and honor's name  
But yield a phantom bliss—  
And man turns back from every goal  
Thirsting for some high bliss of soul!

Would I had died when young!  
How many burning tears,  
And wasted hopes and severed ties  
Had spared my after years!  
And she on whose pale brow,  
The damp and cold earth lies,  
Whose pure heart in its virgin glow  
Was mirrored in dark eyes!  
Would I had faded soon with her,  
My boyhood's earliest worshipper!

Pour not the voice of wo!  
Shed not the burning tear  
When spirits from the cold earth go  
Too bright to linger here!

Unsullied let them pass  
    Into oblivion's tomb—  
Like snow flakes melting in the sea  
    When rife with vestal bloom.  
Then strew fresh flowers above the grave  
And let the tall grass o'er it wave !

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## THE SPECTRE SHIP OF SALEM.

BY. J. G. WHITTIER.

Cotton Mather—the author of 'Magnalia Christi Americana,'—gives a singular account of a vessel and crew, which left Salem some time during the 17th century, for 'Old England.' It seems that among the passengers were a young man and a beautiful girl—pale and sorrowful, however—whom no one knew, and who held communion with no one. This excited the alarm of some of the credulous people of Salem: they supposed them to be demons or 'prestigious spirits;' and they endeavored to dissuade their friends from entering the ship,—but, nevertheless, a goodly number of passengers went on board the fatal ship. The remainder of the story is told in the following lines.

The morning light is breaking forth  
All over the dark blue sea—  
And the waves are changed—they are rich with gold  
As the morning waves should be ;  
And the rising winds are wandering out,  
On their seaward pinions free.

The bark is ready—the sails are set,  
And the boat rocks on the shore—  
Say why do the passengers linger yet?—  
Is not the farewell o'er?  
Do those who enter that gallant ship  
Go forth, to return no more?

A wailing rose by the water-side,  
A young, fair girl was there—  
With a face as pale as the face of death  
When its coffin-lid is bare;—  
And an eye as strangely beautiful  
As a star in the upper air.

She leaned on a youthful stranger's arm,  
A tall and silent one—  
Who stood in the very midst of the crowd,  
Yet uttered a word to none:  
He gazed on the sea and waiting ship—  
But he gazed on them alone!

The fair girl leaned on the stranger's arm,  
And she wept as one in fear;  
But he heeded not the plaintive moan,  
And the dropping of the tear;—  
His eye was fixed on the stirring sea,  
Cold, darkly and severe!—

The boat was filled—the shore was left—  
The farewell word was said—

But the vast crowd lingered still behind,  
With an over-powering dread ;  
They feared that stranger and his bride,  
So pale, and like the dead.

And many said that an evil pair  
Among their friends had gone,—  
A demon with his human prey,  
From the quiet grave-yard drawn ;  
And a prayer was heard that the innocent  
Might escape the Evil One.

Away—the good ship sped away,  
Out on the broad high seas—  
The sun upon her path before—  
Behind, the steady breeze—  
And there was nought in sea or sky  
Of fearful auguries.

The day passed on—the sunlight fell  
All slantwise from the west,  
And then the heavy clouds of storm  
Sat on the ocean's breast ;  
And every swelling billow mourned,  
Like a living thing distressed.

The sun went down among the clouds,  
Tinging with sudden gold,  
The pall-like shadow of the storm,  
On every mighty fold ;—

And then the lightning's eye looked forth,  
And the red thunder rolled.

The storm came down upon the sea,  
In its surpassing dread,  
Rousing the white and broken surge  
Above its rocky bed ;  
As if the deep was stired beneath  
A giant's viewless tread.

All night the hurricane went on,  
And all along the shore  
The smothered cry of shipwrecked men  
Blent with the ocean's roar ;—  
The gray-haired man had scarcely known  
So wild a night before.

Morn rose upon a tossing sea,  
The tempest's work was done ;  
And freely over land and wave  
Shone out the blessed sun—  
But where was she—that merchant-bark  
Where had the good ship gone ?

Men gathered on the shore to watch  
The billow's heavy swell,  
Hoping, yet fearing much, some frail  
Memorial might tell  
The fate of that disastrous ship,—  
Of friends they loved so well.

None came—the billows smoothed away—  
And all was strangely calm,  
As if the very sea had felt  
A necromancer's charm,—  
And not a trace was left behind,  
Of violence and harm.

The twilight came with sky of gold—  
And curtaining of night—  
And then a sudden cry rang out,  
'A ship—the ship in sight!'  
And lo!—tall masts grew visible  
Within the fading light.

Near and more near the ship came on,  
With all her broad sails spread—  
The night grew thick, but a phantom light  
Around her path was shed;  
And the gazers shuddered as on she came,  
For against the wind she sped.

They saw by the dim and baleful glare  
Around that voyager thrown,  
The upright forms of the well known crew,  
As pale and fixed as stone—  
And they called to them, but no sound came back,  
Save the echoed cry alone.

The fearful stranger youth was there,  
And clasped in his embrace,



The pale and passing sorrowful  
Gazed wildly in his face ;—  
Like one who had been wakened from  
The silent burial-place.

A shudder ran along the crowd—  
And a holy man knelt there,  
On the wet sea-sand, and offered up  
A faint and trembling prayer,  
That God would shield his people from  
The Spirits of the air !

And lo !—the vision passed away—  
The Spectre Ship—the crew—  
The stranger and his pallid bride  
Departed from their view ;  
And nought was left upon the waves,  
Beneath the arching blue.

It passed away—that vision strange—  
Forever from their sight ;  
Yet, long shall Naumkeag's annals tell  
The story of that night—  
The phantom-bark—the ghostly crew,  
The pale, encircling light.

NAPOLEON.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Napoleon, when in St Helena, beheld a bust of his son, and wept

Long on the Parian bust he gazed,  
And his pallid lips moved not;  
But when his deep cold eye he raised,  
His glory was forgot;  
And the heated tears came down like rain,  
As the buried years swept back again—  
He wept aloud!

He who had tearless rode the storm  
Of human agony,  
And with ambition wild and warm,  
Sailed on a bloody sea,  
He bent before the infant head,  
And wept—as a mother weeps her dead!—  
The pale and proud!

The roar of all the world had passed—  
On a sounding rock alone,  
An exile, to the earth he cast  
His gathered glories down!  
Yet dreamt he of his victor race,  
Till, turning to that marble face,  
His heart gave way;

And nature saw her time of power—  
A conqueror in tears!  
The mighty bowed before a flower,  
In the chastisement of years!  
What can this mystery control!—  
The father comes, as man's high soul  
And hopes decay.

Alone before that chiseled brow,  
His proudest victories  
Flit by, like hated phantoms now,  
And holier visions rise—  
The empire of the heart unveils,  
And lo! that crownless creature wails  
His days of power.

The golden days whose suns went down  
As at the icy pole,  
Lighting with dim but cold renown  
The kingdom of the soul!  
When all life's charities were dead,  
And each affection failed or fled  
That withering hour!

Oh! had the monarch to the wind  
His hope of conquest flung,  
And to the victory of mind  
Had his warrior footsteps rung,  
What then were desert rocks and seas,

To one whom Destiny decrees  
Such fadeless fame!

Oh! had the tyrant cast his crown  
And jewels all away,  
What though the pomp of life had flown,  
And left a lowering day!  
Then had thy speaking bust, brave boy!  
Awoke with memories of joy  
Thy fated name!

## FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL.

SWEET Mary, I have never breathed  
The love it were in vain to name;  
Though round my heart a serpent wreathed,  
I smiled, or strove to smile the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows  
With faster throb and fresher fire,  
While music round her pathway flows,  
Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share  
The glories of the earth and sky?  
The eagle through the pathless air  
Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah no! the cradled flowers may wake,  
Again may flow the frozen sea,  
From every cloud a star may break—  
There comes no second spring to me.

Go—ere the painted toys of youth  
Are crushed beneath the tread of years ;  
Ere visions have been chilled to truth,  
And hopes are washed away in tears.

Go—for I will not bid thee weep,—  
Too soon my sorrows will be thine,  
And evening's troubled air shall sweep  
The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone  
Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,  
The prayer that Heaven has heard alone  
May bless thee when those chords are still !

O. W. H

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LINES,

Written by a Lady, a few days before her death.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,  
That beat against my breast,  
Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form,  
And lay it low at rest ;  
But still the spirit that now brooks

Thy tempest raging high,  
Undaunted on its fury looks  
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,  
Come on, your threats I brave,  
My last poor life-drop you may drain,  
And crush me to the grave ;  
Yet still the spirit that endures,  
Shall mock your force the while,  
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,  
Pass on, I heed you not,  
You may pursue me, till my form  
And being are forgot :  
Yet still the spirit which you see,  
Undaunted by your wiles,  
Draws from its own nobility  
Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow  
Strike deep, my heart shall bear,  
Thou canst but add one bitter wo  
To those already there.  
Yet still the spirit that sustains  
This last severe distress,  
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,  
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,  
Aim sure, O why delay?  
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,  
A weak reluctant prey.  
For still the spirit, firm and free,  
Triumphant in the last dismay,  
Wrapped in its own eternity,  
Shall, smiling, pass away

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## TO A WAVE.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

LIST! thou child of wind and sea,  
Tell me of the far off deep,  
Where the tempest's wing is free,  
And the waters never sleep.  
Thou perchance the storm hath aided,  
In its works of stern despair,  
Or perchance thy hand hath braided,  
In deep caves, the mermaid's hair.

Wave! now on the golden sands,  
Silent as thou art, and broken,  
Bearest thou not from distant strands  
To my heart some pleasant token?  
Tales of mountains of the south,

Spangles of the ore of silver,  
Which with playful singing mouth,  
Thou hast leaped on high to pilfer?

Mournful Wave! I deemed thy song  
Was telling of a floating prison,  
Which when tempests swept along,  
And the mighty winds were risen,  
Foundered in the ocean's grasp,  
While the brave and fair were dying.  
Wave! didst mark a white hand clasp  
In thy folds as thou wert flying?

Hast thou seen the hallowed rock,  
Where the pride of kings reposes,  
Crowned with many a misty lock,  
Wreathed with samphire green and roses?  
Or with joyous playful leap  
Hast thou been a tribute flinging  
Up that bold and jutting steep,  
Pearls upon the south wind stringing?

Faded Wave! a joy to thee  
Now thy flight and toil are over!  
Oh! may my departure be  
Calm as thine, thou ocean rover!  
When this soul's last joy or mirth  
On the shore of time is driven,  
Be its lot like thine on earth,  
To be lost away in heaven.



## PHILIP OF MOUNT HOPE.

BY C. SHERRY.

AWAY! away! I will not hear  
Of aught but death or vengeance now;  
By the eternal skies, I swear  
My knee shall never learn to bow!  
Will not hear a word of peace,  
Nor grasp in friendly grasp a hand,  
Linked to the pale-browed stranger race,  
That work the ruin of our land.

Before their coming, we had ranged  
Our forests and our uplands free;  
Still let us keep unsold, unchanged,  
The heritage of liberty.  
As free as roll the chainless streams,  
Still let us roam our ancient woods;  
As free as break the morning beams,  
That light our mountain solitudes.

Touch not the hand they stretch to you;  
The falsely proffered cup, put by;  
Will you believe a coward true?  
Or taste the poison draught to die?  
Their friendship is a lurking snare,  
Their honor but an idle breath;  
Their smile—the smile that traitors wear;  
Their love is hate, their life is death.





*Lith., of Helioggs & Comstock.*

*N. P. Willis*

Plains which your infant feet have roved,  
Broad streams you skimmed in light canoe,  
Green woods and glens your fathers loved—  
Whom smile they for, if not for you?  
And could your fathers' spirits look  
From lands where deathless verdure waves,  
Nor curse the craven hearts that brook  
To barter for a nation's graves!

Then raise once more the warrior song,  
That tells despair and death are nigh;  
Let the loud summons peal along,  
Rending the arches of the sky.  
And till your last white foe shall kneel,  
And in his coward pangs expire—  
Sleep—but to dream of brand and steel,  
Wake—but to deal in blood and fire!



## THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall  
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread  
Of comers in the city mart was done,  
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat  
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,  
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall

To bask his scaly circles in the sun.  
Upon his spear the soldier leaned and kept  
His drowsy watch, and as his waking dream  
Was broken by the solitary foot  
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his lids,  
To curse him for a tributary Jew,  
And slumberously dozed on.

'T was now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral  
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet  
Unmixed with voices—and the sentinel  
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly  
Up the wide street along whose paved way  
A mourning throng wound slowly. They came on,  
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,  
And by the throng that in the burning heat  
Walked with forgetful sadness—'t was of one  
Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate  
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent  
His spear-point downwards as the bearers passed  
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—  
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,  
Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,  
Followed an aged woman. Her slow steps  
Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan  
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively  
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd  
Followed apart, but no one spoke to her—  
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—  
A widow with one son. He was her all—

The only tie she had in the wide world—  
And this was he. They could not comfort her

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate  
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale  
With the noon's fainting heat. The beaded sweat  
Stood on his forehead, and about the worn  
And simple latchets of his sandals lay  
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come  
Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not,  
To wet his lips at green Bethsaida's pool,  
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side  
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.  
Genesareth stood cool upon the East,  
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there  
The weary traveller would rest till eve:  
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains  
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;  
Yet turned he not aside, but gazing on  
From every swelling mount, beheld afar  
Amid the hills the humble spires of Nain,  
The place of his next errand; and the path  
Touched not Bethulia, and a league away  
Upon the East lay breezy Galilee.  
He thought but of his work. And ever thus  
With godlike self-forgetfulness he went  
Through all his missions—healing sicknesses  
Where'er he came, and never known to weep  
But for a human sorrow, or to stay  
His feet but for some pitying miracle.

And in the garden, when his spirit grew  
‘Exceeding sorrowful,’ and those he loved  
Forgot him in his agony, and slept—  
How heavenly gentle was his mild reproach—  
‘Could ye not watch with me one hour? Sleep on!  
Sleep on!’—Forth from the city gates the throng  
Followed the aged mourner. They came near  
The place of burial, and with straining hands  
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,  
And with a hurried sob, quick as a child’s,  
And an inquiring wildness flashing through  
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,  
She passed where Jesus stood beside the way.  
He looked upon her and his heart was moved.  
‘Weep not!’ he said, and as they stayed the bier  
And at his bidding set it at his feet,  
He gently drew the pall from out her hands,  
And laid it back in silence from the dead.  
With troubled wonder the mute crowd drew near  
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute’s space  
He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand,  
He said ‘Arise!’—and instantly the breast  
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush  
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,  
And, with a murmur of his mother’s name,  
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud,  
And while the mourner hung upon his neck—  
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

## THE LEAF.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,  
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;  
It flourished on the same light stem,  
It drank the same clear dews with them.  
The crimson tints of summer morn  
That gilded one, did each adorn.  
The breeze that whispered light and brief  
To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf;  
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,  
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,  
And left the leaf to lone decay.  
The gentle gales of spring went by,  
The fruits and flowers of summer die.  
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,  
And winter's breath came cold and chill  
The leaf now yielded to the blast,  
And on the rushing stream was cast.  
Far, far it glided to the sea,  
And whirled and eddied wearily,  
Till suddenly it sank to rest,  
And slumbered in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours,  
Bright as the birthday of the flowers—  
Thus passes like the leaves away,



As withered and as lost as they  
Beneath the parent roof we meet  
In joyous groups, and gaily greet  
The golden beams of love and light,  
That kindle to the youthful sight.  
But soon we part, and one by one,  
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.  
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,  
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom.  
Another treads the paths of fame,  
And barter peace to win a name.  
Another still tempts fortune's wave,  
And seeking wealth, secures a grave.  
The last grasps yet the brittle thread—  
Though friends are gone and joy is dead,  
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,  
And clutches at its power and pride,  
Till suddenly the waters sever,  
And like the leaf he sinks forever.

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THE DEPARTED.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE departed! the departed!  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories,  
Like shadows over streams;—  
But where the cheerful lights of home

In constant lustre burn,  
The departed—the departed  
Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful !  
How dreamless is their sleep,  
Where rolls the dirge-like music  
Of the ever-tossing deep,—  
Or where the hurrying night-winds  
Pale Winter's robes have spread  
Above the narrow palaces,  
In the cities of the dead !

I look around and feel the awe  
Of one who walks alone—  
Among the wrecks of former days,  
In mournful ruin strown.  
I start to hear the stirring sounds  
Among the cypress trees ;  
For the voice of the departed  
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with  
Each free and careless strain ;  
I scarce can think Earth's minstrelsy  
Will cheer my heart again.  
The melody of Summer waves,  
The thrilling notes of birds,  
Can never be so dear to me,  
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles  
Still on me sweetly fall!  
Their tones of love I faintly hear  
My name in sadness call.  
I know that they are happy,  
With their angel plumage on;  
But my heart is very desolate,  
To think that they are gone.

The departed!—the departed!  
They visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories,  
Like shadows over streams,  
But where the cheerful lights of home  
In constant lustre burn,  
The departed—the departed  
Can never more return!

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DEATH.

BY W. O. B. PEABODY.

LIFT high the curtain's drooping fold,  
And let the evening sunlight in;  
I would not that my heart grow cold,  
Before its better years begin!  
'Tis well, at such an early hour—  
So calm and pure—a sinking ray

Should shine into the heart, with power  
To drive its darker thoughts away.

The bright, young thoughts of early days  
Shall gather in my memory now,  
And not the later cares, whose trace  
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;  
What though those days return no more!  
The sweet remembrance is not vain—  
For Heaven is waiting to restore  
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourner stand  
In hollow sadness near my bed—  
But let me rest upon the hand,  
And let me hear that gentle tread  
Of *her* whose kindness long ago,  
And still unworn away by years,  
Has made my weary eye-lids flow  
With grateful and admiring tears!

I go—but let no plaintive tone  
The moment's grief of friendship tell;  
And let no proud and graven stone  
Say where the weary slumbers well;  
A few short hours—and then for Heaven!  
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss—  
For who would mourn the warning given,  
Which calls us from a world like this!

## THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?  
The waves that brought them o'er  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray  
As they break along the shore:  
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,  
When the May-Flower moored below,  
When the sea around was black with storms,  
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,  
Still brood upon the tide;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow white sail, that he gave to the gale,  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—  
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!—  
The hill, whose icy brow  
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now.  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night  
On the hill-side and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;  
But the pilgrim—where is he?

INFIDELITY.

81

The pilgrim fathers are at rest :  
When Summer's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest  
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day  
On that hallowed spot is cast ;  
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on it last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled :  
It walks in noon's broad light ;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With the holy stars by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay  
Shall foam and freeze no more.

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INFIDELITY.

BY R. C. SANDS.

THOU who scornest truths divine,  
Say what joy, what hope is thine ?  
Is thy soul from sorrow free ?  
Is this world enough for thee ?  
No ; for care corrodes thy heart.  
Art thou willing to depart ?  
No ; thy nature bids thee shrink

From the void abyss's brink.  
Thou mayst laugh, in broad sunshine;  
Scoff, when sparkles the red wine;  
Thou must tremble, when deep night  
Shuts the pageants from thy sight.  
Morning comes, and thou blasphemest;  
Yet another day thou deemest  
Thine; but soon its light will wane;  
Then thy warning comes again.  
There's a morrow with no night—  
Broad and blazing, endless light!  
Should its dawn thy dreams o'ertake,  
Better thou didst never wake!

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## THE FUTURE.

BY ANNA M. WELLS.

THE flowers, the many flowers  
That all along the smiling valley grew,  
While the sun lay for hours,  
Kissing from off their drooping lids the dew;  
They, to the summer air  
No longer prodigal, their sweet breath yield;  
Vainly, to bind her hair,  
The village maiden seeks them in the field.

The breeze, the gentle breeze  
That wandered like a frolic child at play,

Loitering mid blossomed trees,  
Trailing their stolen sweets along its way,  
No more adventuresome,  
Its whispered love is to the violet given ;  
The boisterous North has come,  
And scared the sportive trifler back to heaven.

The brook, the limpid brook  
That prattled of its coolness, as it went  
Forth from its rocky nook,  
Leaping with joy to be no longer pent,—  
Its pleasant song is hushed ;—  
The sun no more looks down upon its play ;—  
Freely, where once it gushed,  
The mountain torrent drives its noisy way.

The hours, the youthful hours,  
When in the cool shade we were wont to lie,  
Idling with fresh culled flowers,  
In dreams that ne'er could know reality ;—  
Fond hours, but half enjoyed,  
Like the sweet summer breeze they passed away  
And dear hopes were destroyed  
Like buds that die before the noon of day.

Young life, young turbulent life,  
If, like the stream, it take a wayward course,  
'T is lost mid folly's strife,—  
O'erwhelmed, at length, by passion's curbless force.  
Nor deem youth's buoyant hours



For idle hopes, or useless musings given :

Who dreams away his powers,  
The reckless slumberer shall not wake to heaven !



### THE BEGGAR.

A few weeks since a mendicant appeared in our village, pale and emaciated and convulsed with spasmodic affection, brought on to all appearance, by an irritation of wounds received in the battles of our independence. The many and deep scars with which his skull and breast and arms were disfigured, evinced that the tragedy of our revolution had been to him no bloodless drama.

He asked not for the means to pamper appetite. His face bespoke him an honest and a temperate man. He begged only, for humanity's sake, a pittance to support nature till he could reach his few surviving friends further north. It was an affecting sight to see an old man—a veteran of that sacred war, (in which he had lost three sons) begging an alms to aid him on to the spot, where, in the wretched hovel which he could call his own, he might put up his last prayer for his ungrateful country, cover his face with his tattered mantle and die.—*Vermont American.*

And thou hast seen, thou sayst, old man,  
The Lion in his ire,  
When from his strained and blood shot eye,  
Flashed out vindictive fire.

And thou hast heard, old man, thou sayst,  
The terror of his roar,  
That echoed 'mid our mountain rocks,  
And rang along our shore.

And thou hast stood unblenchingly  
His grisly front before—  
When carnage waved her dripping wing,  
And drenched the earth with gore.

God help thee, father, for the world,  
Is pitiless and cold—  
It sheltereth not the shelterless,  
Revereth not the old.

Ay, it can gaze upon the front  
That battle's stamp hath sealed ;  
And leave unfilled the withered hand,  
Too weak its blade to wield.

Why left they not thy weltering corse  
On Bunker's smoking steep—  
When through thy brow the death-shot ploughed  
That furrow broad and deep ?

Or why on Yorktown's crimson plain  
Didst thou not yield thy breath ?  
Far better had that bloody sleep  
Been the long sleep of death !

Then hadst thou bled as Warren bled,  
And like Montgomery died—  
Thy name were chronicled among  
The heroes of our pride.

God give thee, father, words to beg—  
Choking with shame—thy food :  
Those scars proclaim thy country's weal—  
Those rags, her gratitude !

## GENIUS SLUMBERING.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame ;  
He has no feeling of the glory gone ;  
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,  
That once in transport drew his spirit on ;  
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares  
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there ;  
There are who still remember how he bore  
Upward his daring pinions, till the air  
Seemed living with the crown of light he wore ;  
There are who, now his early sun has set,  
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps,—and yet, around the sightless eye  
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays ;  
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,  
*There* hovers still the light of other days ;  
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,  
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep forever, but will rise

Fresh to more daring labors ; now, even now,  
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,  
The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow ;  
From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,  
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep ; the spell is gone ;  
The deadly charm departed ; see him fling  
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,  
Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing ;  
The goal is still before him, and the prize  
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer : shall they take—

They, who, with feebler pace, still kept their  
way,

When he forgot the contest—shall they take,

Now he renews the race, the victor's bay ;  
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,  
He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,

Whose essence is ethereal ; they may try  
To darken and degrade it ; it may rust

Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die ;  
And, when it wakens, it will send its fire  
Intenser forth and higher.

## GENIUS WAKING.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

SLUMBER's heavy chain hath bound thee—  
Where is now thy fire?  
Feebler wings are gathering round thee—  
Shall they hover higher?  
Can no power, no spell, recall thee  
From inglorious dreams?  
O, could glory so appal thee,  
With his burning beams!

Thine was once the highest pinion  
In the midway air;  
With a proud and sure dominion,  
Thou didst upward bear.  
Like the herald, winged with lightning,  
From the Olympian throne,  
Ever mounting, ever brightening,  
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of heaven  
Glitter with eternal snows,  
Where no darkling clouds are driven,  
Where no fountain flows—  
Far above the rolling thunder;  
When the surging storm  
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,  
We beheld thy form.

O, what rare and heavenly brightness  
    Flowed around thy plumes,  
As a cascade's foamy whiteness  
    Lights a cavern's glooms!  
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,  
    Like a shape of light,  
With serene and placid motion,  
    Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,  
    Downward thou didst rush,  
Not with pinion faint and drooping  
    But the tempest's gush.  
Up again undaunted soaring,  
    Thou didst pierce the cloud,  
When the warring winds were roaring  
    Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing  
    After higher things?  
Come they not, like visions, thronging  
    On their airy wings?  
Why should not their glow enchant thee  
    Upward to their bliss?  
Surely danger cannot daunt thee  
    From a heaven like this.

But thou slumberest; faint and quivering  
    Hangs thy ruffled wing;  
Like a dove in winter shivering,  
    Or a feebler thing.

8\*

Where is now thy might and motion,  
Thy imperial flight?  
Where is now thy heart's devotion?  
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark! his rustling plumage gathers  
Closer to his side,  
Close, as when the storm-bird weathers  
Ocean's hurrying tide.  
Now his nodding beak is steady—  
Wide his burning eye—  
Now his opening wings are ready,  
And his aim—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly  
Now is stretched for flight—  
Hark! his wings—they thunder loudly,  
And their flash—how bright!  
Onward—onward over mountains,  
Through the rock and storm,  
Now, like sunset over fountains,  
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird, thy dream has left thee—  
Thou hast reached thy heaven—  
Lingering slumber hath not reft thee  
Of the glory given.  
With a bold, a fearless pinion,  
On thy starry road,  
None, to fame's supreme dominion,  
Mightier ever trode.

## WHITE ROSES.

BY LOUISA P. SMITH.

THEY were gathered for a bridal!  
I knew it by their hue;  
Fair as the summer moonlight  
Upon the sleeping dew.  
From their fair and fairy sisters  
They were borne, without a sigh,  
For one remembered evening  
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal!  
And fastened in a wreath;  
But purer were the roses  
Than the heart that lay beneath;  
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,  
And the coral lip was fair,  
And the gazer looked and asked not  
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal!  
Where a thousand torches glistened,  
When the holy words were spoken,  
And the false and faithless listened  
And answered to the vow  
Which another heart had taken



Yet he ~~was~~ present then—  
The once loved, the forsaken.

They were gathered for a bridal !  
And now, now they are dying,  
And young Love at the altar  
Of broken faith is sighing.  
Their summer life was stainless,  
And not like her's who wore them ;  
They are faded, and the farewell  
Of beauty lingers o'er them !

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## THE CORAL INSECT.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;  
Toil on—for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock  
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,  
And your arches spring up to the crested wave .  
Ye're a puny race, thus to boldly rear  
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone ;

Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;  
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;  
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant 'neath the billows dark  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?  
There are snares enough on the tented field,  
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;  
There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;  
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup ;  
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,  
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;  
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,  
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see  
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;—  
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread  
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build—ye build—but ye enter not in,  
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their  
    sin ;  
From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;—

As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,  
Their noteless bones in oblivion hid,  
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,  
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

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## TO A WATERFOWL.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.



W. C. Bryant.



All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

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TO MY COMPANIONS.

[From the Collegian.]

MINE ancient chair—thy wide embracing arms  
Have clasped around me even from a boy ;  
Hadst thou a voice to speak of years gone by,  
Thine were a tale of sorrow and of joy,  
Of fevered hopes and ill-foreboding fears,  
And smiles unseen, and unrecorded tears.

And thou my table—though unwearied time  
Hath set his signet on thine altered brow,  
Still can I see thee in thy spotless prime,  
And in my memory thou art living now ;  
Soon must thou slumber with forgotten things,  
The peasant's ashes and the dust of kings.

Thou melancholy mug—thy sober brown  
Hath something pensive in its evening hue,  
Not like the things that please the tasteless clown,  
With gaudy streaks of orange and of blue ;  
And I must love thee, for thou art mine own,  
Pressed by my lip, and pressed by mine alone.

My broken mirror—faithless, yet beloved,  
Thou who canst smile and smile alike on all,  
Oft do I leave thee, oft again return,  
I scorn the siren, but obey the call ;  
I hate thy falsehood, while I fear thy truth,  
But most I love thee, flattering friend of youth.

Primeval carpet—every well-worn thread  
Has slowly parted with its virgin dye ;  
I saw thee fade beneath the ceaseless tread,  
Fainter and fainter in mine anxious eye ;  
So flies the color from the brightest flower,  
And heaven's own rainbow lives but for an hour

I love you all—there radiates from our own  
A soul that lives in every shape we see ;

There is a voice, to other ears unknown,  
Like echoed music answering to its key.  
The dungeoned captive hath a tale to tell,  
Of every insect in his lonely cell,  
And these poor frailties have a simple tone,  
That breathes in accents sweet to me alone.



## THE ARCTIC LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

BY W. C. BRYANT.

GONE is the long long winter night,  
Look, my beloved one!  
How glorious, through his depths of light,  
Rolls the majestic sun.  
The willows, waked from winter's death,  
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—  
The summer is begun!

Aye 't is the long bright summer day:  
Hark, to that mighty crash!  
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—  
The smitten waters flash.  
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,  
While, down its green translucent sides,  
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,  
By ocean's weedy floor—



The pettrel does not skim the sea  
More swiftly than my oar.  
We'll go where, on the rocky isles,  
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles  
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thee where the poppy blows,  
With wind-flowers frail and fair,  
While I, upon this isle of snows,  
Seek and defy the bear ;  
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,  
This arm his savage strength shall tame,  
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud  
Bespeak the summer fled,  
And snows, that melt no more, enshroud  
The valleys white and dead,  
I'll build of ice thy winter home,  
With glistening walls and lucid dome,  
And floor with skins bespread.

The white fox by thy couch shall play ;  
And, from the frozen skies,  
The meteors of a mimic day  
Shall flash upon thine eyes.  
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile,  
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,  
Till that long midnight flies.

## STANZAS.

STRANGE ! that one lightly whispered tone  
Is far, far sweeter unto me,  
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
Or breathe along the sea ;  
But Lady, when thy voice I greet,  
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,  
And nought but empty air, I see ;  
But when I turn me to thine eyes,  
It seemeth unto me  
Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath a softer leaf,  
Than ever western wind hath fanned,  
But thou shalt have the tender flower,  
So I may take thy hand ;  
That little hand to me doth yield  
More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady ! there be many things  
That seem right fair, below, above.  
But sure not one among them all,  
Is half so sweet as love—  
Let us not pay our vows alone,  
But join two altars both in one.

## A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

SWEET Fancy, golden-pinioned bird,  
Once left awhile his starry nest,  
To float upon the breeze that stirred  
The plumage of his glistening breast.  
Sometimes in gem-hung caves delaying,  
And then through spicy forests straying,  
He wandered 'mid those blessed isles  
That dimple Ocean's cheek with smiles;  
He dallied with the merry wave,  
And, diving through the glassy water,  
Brought, in his beak, from its shell-cave,  
A pearl, Circassia's loveliest daughter,  
In the rich clustering of her hair,  
Might blush with very pride to wear!

Then tired of sport like this, he flew  
Along the deep in beauty sleeping,  
To that sweet clime, whose sky of blue  
Is, with its chastened splendors, steeping  
A land, whose river's rosy tide  
Is blushing like a virgin bride,  
Whose mountains high and emerald vales  
Are kissed by incense-laden gales.  
And there, o'er ruins ivy-wreathed,  
He heard pure music sweetly breathed;  
O'er moss-decked arch and broken shrine,

He saw their ancient glory shine.  
Yet here, amid his favorite bowers,  
Where once he dearly loved to dwell,  
In this delicious land of flowers,  
Where Memory, with magic spell,  
Creates new forms of joy and light,  
He could not stay his restless wing;  
But, shaking thence the dew-drops bright,  
He plucked the first red rose of spring;  
Then, blending with the heavenly blue,  
Like arrowy gleam, away he flew.

Where next did gold-plumed Fancy roam?

He sought the bright star's brightest ray  
That decks his own celestial home,

And bore it in his glance away.

Then, when the sunset richly burned,  
Unto the earth once more he turned;  
And, as his wing grew tired and weak,

He found a lovely lady's bower,  
And on her lip, and o'er her cheek  
Softly suffused the pearl and flower;

Then in her dark eye's brilliancy

He shot the star-gleam from his own,  
And, charmed as much as bird could be,  
Flew back to his far, starry throne!

This happened years ago—but now,

Each pretty maiden, when she hears  
Of locks that cluster round a brow,

Which, like the stainless snow appears;  
Of cheeks whose mingled red and white  
Are like red roses crushed on pearl;  
Of eyes whose clear and mellow light  
Gleams like a star's where clouds unfurl;—  
Looks archly up and answers you,  
'That on the very homeliest face  
Can Fancy shed his beauteous hue,  
And in a tame expression trace  
A smile as soft as heaven's own blue;  
That he will seek, through earth and air,  
For charms, to make divinely fair  
And statue-like, a little creature,  
Who has a twist in every feature;  
And deck her so (your pardon craving)  
That she might set ten poets raving!'

~~~~~  
THE DILEMMA.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,  
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;  
By every name I cut on bark  
Before my morning star grew dark;  
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,  
By all that thrills the beating heart;  
The bright black eye, the melting blue,—  
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams ;—  
I saw a row of twenty beams ;  
From every beam a rope was hung,  
In every rope a lover swung.  
I asked the hue of every eye  
That bade each luckless lover die ;  
Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,  
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron, which she deemed  
With fairest light of beauty beamed ;  
She answered, some thought both were fair—  
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.  
I might have liked her judgment well,  
But as she spoke, she rung the bell,  
And all her girls, nor small nor few,  
Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden ; back she flung  
The locks that round her forehead hung,  
And turned her eye, a glorious one,  
Bright as a diamond in the sun,  
On me, until, beneath its rays,  
I felt as if my hair would blaze ;  
She liked all eyes but eyes of green ;  
She looked at me ; what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,  
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen ;  
And when his random arrows fly,

The victim falls, but knows not why.  
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,  
The shaft upon the string is set ;  
Look not beneath his azure veil,  
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well both might make a martyr break  
The chain that bound him to the stake,  
And both, with but a single ray,  
Can melt our very hearts away ;  
And both, when balanced, hardly seem  
To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;  
But that is dearest, all the while,  
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

~~~~~

## A LOVE LETTER.

BY J. G. W.

O, COME to me this very eve, for I am all alone,  
A weeping by my writing desk, and Pa and Ma  
have gone ;—  
They say that you are going off—that Pa has used  
you ill—  
But if he has, depend upon 't, his daughter never  
will !  
We had that ugly lawyer here, to dine with us to-  
day,  
And Ma took pains to speak to him in her parental  
way—

She said—no matter what she said—the lawyer  
grinned a smile,  
And fixed his bold assuring glance upon me all the  
while.

Pa says he has a fine estate—a dwelling, rich and  
rare,  
And envies much the favored one who may be  
mistress there ;  
And Ma declares—though not a word of all she  
says is true—  
That he is vastly more polite—and handsomer than  
you !  
Confound their antiquated whims!—I'm angry  
even now,  
The hot blood of indignant scorn is mounting to  
my brow—  
I hate their haughty favorite—I hate him and his  
gold—  
Though rich as ancient \*Cræsus, with lands and  
wealth untold.

Oh, what is wealth where love is not—and what is  
yellow gold,  
To soothe and warm the human heart, when sor-  
rowful and cold,—  
As coldly flash the northern fires, to make the light  
more dreary,  
So wealth and useless splendor gleam around the  
lone and weary.



I hate that favorite of Pa's—that lawyer, old and  
grim—

I'd strangle him before the priest, before I'd marry  
him—

I care not for his country seat—and all his dusty  
land—

I hate him and his riches too—he shall not have  
my hand ;

I hope you will not leave me, love—indeed you  
must not go,

For Pa would be in ecstasies, and I should miss you  
so.

Oh, come to me this very eve, before the moon has  
set,

And we will wander in her light, and love each  
other yet ;

And we will talk of by-gone times—our earlier  
hopes and fears—

And know again the luxury of sympathizing years ;

And we will breathe our vows again, by every holy  
star—

And oh, we will be happy yet, and love in spite of  
Pa.

## THE EXILE.

BY C. SHERRY.

[From the German of Schiller.]

FRESH in the morn is the living breeze !  
And the sun beams bright  
Through the swaying arms of the dark fir-trees ,  
And the tops of the mountains,  
The forests, the fountains,  
Redden and glow in a purple light.  
The lark is abroad on her airy wing ;  
And the wakened woods with melody ring.

Blessed be the hour of early light !  
When meadow and stream  
With beauty gleam,  
And the grass is touched with a silver white !  
When the smallest leaf on the fruit-tree top  
Is a beautiful nest where the pearl reposes ;  
When showers of gems from the branches drop,  
And the zephyrs chat and play with the roses

Light smoke curls high o'er the city's wall,  
Steeds are neighing in valley and stall,  
And the early birds are far away,  
To bathe their wings in the dazzling ray.

Joy to every thing beside,  
Wo and ill myself betide.

Peace for me is—where? O, where?  
In the grave—and only there!

The morn may waken brightly,  
And purple tower and tree ;  
The evening air breathe lightly,  
While men sleep dreamingly ;  
But in morn's first blush will the death-flower  
bloom,  
And the night breeze sweep o'er my dreamless  
tomb!

## SONNET.

BY ANNA M. WELLS.

THOU gorgeous cloud, in gold and purple furled,  
In thy career, I read a mystery ;—  
For, like the gilded hopes of this strange world,  
Thou art delusion ;—yet I gaze on thee,  
As if thou wert what thou dost seem to be,  
Rolling along the heavens,—a golden car.—  
'T were fine, amid the stars, a wanderer free,  
To lie within thy folds, and look afar  
Over the teeming land, and sparkling sea !—  
How pleasant from thy bosom to descry  
Yon monarch mountain that doth tower so high,  
A speck—diminished to the distant eye :—  
And cataracts, that pall the ear and sight,  
Twinkling, like tiny dew-drops in the light !

## MAY.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale ;  
The winds, that fan the flowers,  
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
Tell of serener hours,—  
Of hours that glide unfelt away  
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls  
From his blue throne of air,  
And where his whispering voice in music falls,  
Beauty is budding there ;  
The bright ones of the valley break  
Their slumbers and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
And the wide forest weaves,  
To welcome back its playful mates again,  
A canopy of leaves ;  
And from its darkening shadow floats  
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May ;  
The tresses of the woods,  
With the light dallying of the west-wind play,  
And the full-brimming floods,  
As gladly to their goal they run,  
Hail their returning sun.

## THE GLADIATOR

BY J. A. JONES.

THEY led a lion from his den,  
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;  
And there he stood, stern foe of men,  
And shook his flowing mane.  
There 's not of all Rome's heroes, ten  
That dare abide this game.  
His bright eye naught of lightning lacked;  
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,  
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;  
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,  
And yet unscathed of wound.  
Blithely he stepped among the throng,  
And careless threw around  
A dark eye, such as courts the path  
Of him, who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd—  
Rung the glad galleries with the sound;  
And from the throne there spake aloud  
A voice, 'Be the bold man unbound!  
And, by Rome's sceptre yet unbowed,  
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,  
Who dares the bold—the unequal strife,  
'Though doomed to death, shall save his life.'

Joy was upon that dark man's face,  
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he,  
'Loose ye the lord of Zara's waste,  
And let my arms be free ;  
"He has a martial heart," thou sayest,  
But oh, who will not be  
A hero, when he fights for life,  
And home, and country,—babes, and wife

'And thus I for the strife prepare ;  
The Thracian falchion to me bring ,  
But ask the imperial leave to spare  
The shield—a useless thing.  
Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,  
Then o'er me should I fling  
The broad orb ; but to lion's wrath  
The shield were but a sword of lath.'

And he has bared his shining blade,  
And springs he on the shaggy foe ;  
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played—  
The desert-king lies low,  
His long and loud death-howl is made,  
And there must end the show.  
And when the multitude were calm,  
The favorite freedman took the palm.

'Kneel down, Rome's emperor beside :'  
He knelt, that dark man ;—o'er his brow  
Was thrown a wreath in crimson died,  
And fair words gild it now :

'Thou 'rt the bravest youth that ever tried  
'To lay a lion low ;  
And from our presence forth thou go'st  
To lead the Dacians of our host.'

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,  
And grieved and gloomily spoke he :  
My cabin stands where blithely glide  
Proud Danube's waters to the sea ;  
I have a young and blooming bride,  
And I have children three ;  
No Roman wealth nor rank can give  
Such joy, as in their arms to live.

'My wife sits at the cabin door,  
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes ;  
While tears her cheek are coursing o'er,  
She speaks of sundered ties.  
She bids my tender babes deplore  
The death their father dies ;  
She tells these jewels of my home,  
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

'I cannot let these cherubs stray  
Without their sire's protecting care ;  
And I would chase the griefs away  
Which cloud my wedded fair.'  
The monarch spoke, the guards obey  
And gates unclosed are ;  
He is gone—no golden bribes divide  
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

## DIRGE OF ALARIC.

BY E. EVERETT.

Alaric the Visigoth stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train  
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,  
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain  
Stain it with hypocritic tear;  
For I will die as I did live,  
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust  
Upon the spot where I repose;  
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,  
In hollow circumstance of woes;  
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,  
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,  
Your monuments upon my breast,  
Nor yet within the common soil  
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;  
Where man can boast that he has trod  
On him that was 'the scourge of God.'



But ye the mountain stream shall turn,  
And lay its secret channel bare,  
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,  
A resting-place forever there :  
Then bid its everlasting springs  
Flow back upon the king of kings ;  
And never be the secret said,  
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling  
Back to the clods, that gave them birth ;—  
The captured crowns of many a king,  
The ransom of a conquered earth :  
For, e'en though dead, will I control  
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,  
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,  
Ye shall not rear upon its side  
Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;  
For long enough the world has shook  
Beneath the terrors of my look ;  
And, now that I have run my race,  
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,  
And from the northern hills I burst,  
Across the world, in wrath to sweep,  
And where I went the spot was cursed,  
Nor blade of grass again was seen  
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail  
    Beneath the terror of the Goth,  
Their iron-breasted legions quail  
    Before my ruthless sabaoth,  
And low the queen of empires kneels,  
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend  
    In judgment my triumphal car ;  
'T was God alone on high did send  
    The avenging Scythian to the war,  
To shake abroad, with iron hand,  
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared  
    O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;  
Destruction was the ship I steered,  
    And vengeance sat upon the helm,  
When, launched in fury on the flood,  
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,  
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,  
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp  
    I poured the torrent of my powers,  
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,  
    In vain, within their seven-hilled towers ;  
I quenched in blood the brightest gem  
That glittered in their diadem,  
And struck a darker, deeper dye  
In the purple of their majesty,

And bade my northern banners shine  
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done ;  
I go to Him from whom I came ;  
But never yet shall set the sun  
Of glory that adorns my name ;  
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,  
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done ;  
But darker ministers of fate,  
Impatient, round the eternal throne,  
And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;  
And soon mankind shall blench away  
Before the name of Attila.

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TO A LADY,

WHO GAVE ME A LAUREL LEAF.

BY C. SHERRY.

THE deathless leaf that bound  
The bald first Cæsar's brow ;  
That men of worth have battled for  
From days of old till now ;  
For which the statesman toils,  
The poet breathes his songs,  
The patriot dares his country's foe,  
To vindicate her wrongs ;—

Point—to what field of fame?  
Where shall the conquest be?  
What hand shall ever twine  
The laurel wreath for me?

Say, shall I hope to wake  
Sweet echoes from the lyre,  
And lay a gift upon the shrine  
That burns with holy fire?  
Ah, no! slight praise awaits  
The poet's breathing strains;  
But cold applause or heartless sneer  
May recompense his pains.  
Poems are under par in our  
Utilitarian times;  
And mothers frown, suspiciously,  
On all who deal in rhymes.

Or shall I strive to win  
The warrior's hard earned glory;  
And leave a name posterity  
Shall read in martial story?  
Alas, the faded pomp of war!  
In these pacific days,  
The soldier rests in idleness  
On his uncrimsoned bays;  
He seldom dreams of conquest,  
Save in his morning calls;  
And wins his proudest laurels,  
At promenades and balls.

A painter? It is joy  
To gaze in beauty's eyes;  
To image scenes of fairy land,  
Green woods and sunny skies—  
But then to work similitudes  
Of ugly chins and noses,  
And give a rosy hue to cheeks  
That never dreamed of roses;  
To see in living subjects charms  
That no one else can see,  
And make a beauty of a fright—  
Would never do for me.

A statesman? Shall I talk  
Of burning midnight tapers,  
Speak speeches, quite extempore,  
All ready for the papers;  
Fight duels on demand,  
Write essays by the lot,  
To-day, sit through a long harangue,  
To-morrow, stand a shot?  
Consent to think and act  
As other people bid?—  
I hardly think I ever can:  
I'm sure I never did.

Then take again the gift,  
You proffered me but now;  
That broad and glossy leaf was plucked  
To deck a prouder brow.

But as I tread the path  
Some millions tread beside me,  
May love's kind voice still cheer,  
May friendship's hand still guide me ;  
And from the sod that covers me  
May earliest spring flowers grow ;  
Without a stone to bear the name  
Of him who sleeps below.

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## A WISH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.

Would I might once before my spirit sink  
Into the blest, Elysian world of shades,  
Visit the happy fields where childhood,  
Lapt in its dreams of heaven, joyous reposed.

The humble bush, which hides the linnet-nest  
In its cool shade, waves with a sweeter hum,  
My friend, than all the groves of laurel  
Over the ashes of a conquerer !

The brook, that cuts the meadow, where a boy  
I gathered violets, runs with a sweeter murmur  
Through alders which my father planted,  
Than the Blandusian silver fountain

The hill, where many groups of happy boys  
Swing on the branches of the linden tree,  
Delights me more than the high mountain,  
Bathing its summit in the golden sunbeams!

Would I might once, before my spirit sink  
Into the blest Elysian world of shades,  
Visit the happy fields where childhood,  
Lapt in its dreams of heaven, joyous reposed.

Then may the minister of death, in smiles,  
His torch extinguish. I will gladly haste  
To Xenophon, and Plato's wisdom,  
And to Anacreon's bright myrtle wreath.



## THE SEA DIVER.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

My way is on the bright blue sea,  
My sleep upon its rocking tide;  
And many an eye has followed me  
Where billows clasp the worn sea-side

My plumage bears the crimson blush,  
When ocean by the sun is kissed!  
When fades the evening's purple flush,  
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath  
The bright arch of the splendid deep,  
My ear has heard the sea shell breathe  
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,  
And by the pearly diadem,  
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown  
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drenched wing,  
I poised above a helmless bark,  
And soon I saw the shattered thing  
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,  
A ship, that had rode out the gale,  
Sunk down—without a signal gun,  
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,—  
The cloud resign its golden crown,  
When to the ocean's beating heart,  
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made  
Beneath the bright and silver sea!—  
Peace that their relics there were laid  
With no vain pride and pageantry.



## THE WINDS.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

WE come, we come! and ye feel our might,  
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,  
And over the mountains, and over the deep,  
Our broad invisible pinions sweep,  
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!  
And ye look on our works, and own 't is we,  
Ye call us the Winds, but can ye tell  
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

Ye mark as we vary our forms of power,  
And fell the forest, or fan the flower,  
When the hare-bell moves, and the rush is bent,  
When the tower's o'erthrown, and the oak is rent,  
As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave,  
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;  
And ye say it is we! but can ye trace  
The wandering Winds to their secret place?

And whether our breath be loud and high,  
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,  
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,  
Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear  
With music aerial, still 't is we;  
And ye list, and ye look, but what do you see?  
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,  
Or waken one note when our numbers cease?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand ;  
We come and we go at his command,  
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,  
His will is our guide, and we look not back ;  
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,  
Or win us in gentlest air to play,  
Then lift up your hearts to him who binds,  
Or frees, as he will, the obedient Winds.

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TO THE MEMORY OF J. G. C. BRAINARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

GONE to the land of silence—to the shadows of the  
dead—  
With the green turf on thy bosom, and the gray  
stone at thy head !  
Hath thy spirit too departed ? Doth it never linger  
here,  
When the dew upon the bending flower is falling  
like a tear ?—  
When the sunshine lights the green earth, like the  
perfect smile of God,  
Or when the moonlight gladdens, or the pale stars  
look abroad ?  
  
Hast thou lost thy pleasant fellowship with the  
beautiful of Earth,

With the green trees, and the quiet streams around  
thy place of birth?

The wave that wanders seaward—the tall, gray  
hills, whereon

Lingers, as if for sacrifice, the last light of the  
sun;—

The fair of form—the pure of soul—the eyes that  
shone, when thou

Wast answering to their smile of love—art thou not  
with them now?

Thou art sleeping calmly, Brainard—but the fame  
denied thee when

Thy way was with the multitude—the living tide  
of men,

Is burning o'er thy sepulchre—a holy light and  
strong,

And gifted ones are kneeling there, to breathe thy  
words of song—

The beautiful and pure of soul—the lights of Earth's  
cold bowers—

Are twining on thy funeral-stone a coronal of  
flowers!

Ay, freely hath the tear been given—and freely hath  
gone forth

The sigh of grief, that one like thee should pass  
away from Earth.—

Yet those who mourn thee, mourn thee not like  
those to whom is given

No soothing hope, no blissful thought of parted  
friends in Heaven—  
They feel that thou wast summoned to the Chris-  
tian's high reward,  
The everlasting joy of those whose trust is in the  
Lord.

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## MORNING TWILIGHT.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

THE mountains are blue in the morning air,  
And the woods are sparkling with dewy light ;  
The winds, as they wind through the hollows, bear  
The breath of the blossoms that wake by night.  
Wide o'er the bending meadows roll  
The mists, like a lightly moving sea ;  
The sun is not risen—and over the whole  
There hovers a silent mystery.

The pure blue sky is in calm repose ;  
The pillowy clouds are sleeping there ;  
So stilly the brook in its covert flows,  
You would think its murmur a breath of air.  
The water that floats in the glassy pool,  
Half hid by the willows that line its brink,  
In its deep recess has a look so cool,  
One would worship its nymph, as he bent to drink.

Pure and beautiful thoughts, at this early hour,  
Go off to the home of the bright and blessed ;  
They steal on the heart with an unseen power,  
And its passionate throbbings are laid at rest :  
O ! who would not catch, from the quiet sky  
And the mountains that soar in the hazy air,  
When his harbinger tells that the sun is nigh,  
The visions of bliss that are floating there.

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AMBITION.

BY JOHN NEAL.

I LOVED to hear the war-horn cry,  
And panted at the drum's deep roll ;  
And held my breath, when—flaming high—  
I saw our starry banners fly,  
As challenging the haughty sky,  
They went like battle o'er my soul :  
For I was so ambitious then,  
I burned to be the slave—of men.

I stood and saw the morning light,  
A standard swaying far and free ;  
And loved it like the conqu'ring flight  
Of angels floating wide and bright  
Above the stars, above the fight  
Where nations warred for liberty :

And thought I heard the battle cry  
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sailed upon the dark-blue deep :  
And shouted to the eaglet soaring ;  
And hung me from a rocking steep,  
When all but spirits were asleep ;  
And oh, my very soul would leap  
To hear the gallant waters roaring ;  
For every sound and shape of strife  
To me, was but the breath of life.

But, I am strangely altered now—  
I love no more the bugle's voice—  
The rushing wave—the plunging prow—  
The mountain with his clouded brow—  
The thunder when his blue skies bow,  
And all the sons of God rejoice—  
I love to dream of tears and sighs  
And shadowy hair and half-shut eyes.

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AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Round Autumn's mouldering urn,  
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,  
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,  
And stars in beauty burn.

T 'is the year's eventide.  
The wind,—like one that sighs in pain,  
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again,  
Mourns on the far hill-side.

And yet my pensive eye  
Rests on the faint blue mountain long,  
And for the fairy-land of song,  
That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow ;  
In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,  
And in her pale and mellow light  
The valley sleeps below.

I stand deep musing here,  
Beneath the dark and motionless beech,  
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach  
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free ;  
A Spirit, in soft music, calls  
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls  
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,  
With moss and twisted ivy brown,  
Bends in its lifeless beauty down  
Where weeds the fountain choke.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears  
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,

Are types of our mortality,  
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,  
Wasting and hoar as time decays,  
Spring shall renew with cheerful days,—  
But not my joys again.



## A PARTING SONG.

BY J. W. MILLER.

THIS autumn-close—this autumn-close—  
With all its rich delights,  
Its high and blue and silent days,  
Its deep and holy nights;  
My memory shall turn to them  
From all its vagrant flights.

The painted fields, the burnished clouds,  
The gold embroidered floods,  
The autumn's glance on all the hills,  
His mantle on the woods,  
Shall be, through waning winter moons,  
To me as present goods.

I've stood upon thy hills, fair land,  
When morning filled the sky,  
And over gleaming sea and isle



The monarch sun rode high ;  
So thy proud beauty in my thought  
Liveth, and may not die.

And I have bowed beneath the power  
That ruled the parting day,  
When harmonies of living hues  
Were poured o'er hill and bay,  
And stars shone out, and moons rose up  
And yet their light will stay.

Their images will linger yet  
To light my happy dreams,  
As lovely forms that bend above,  
The bosoms of calm streams,  
And years that flow, like waves, away,  
Still give their pleasant gleams.

This autumn-close—this autumn-close—  
How fondly I may shrine  
Its social joys and heartfelt mirth,  
To be a jewel-mine,  
Within the caves of future years,  
With fadeless wealth to shine.

So 'mid the wasting cares and toils,  
Sad follies, and dark strife,  
That sweep, like wint'ry storms, along  
The crowded ways of life,  
I may pass on, and have no want ;  
With thoughtful pleasures rife.

And then, fair land, I may return  
Back to thy kindred heart,  
And clasp its love, and breathe its truth,  
All cool for passion's smart ;  
And through all time, beneath all gloom,  
This hope shall not depart.

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## HYMN AT MIDNIGHT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

SOURCE of all life, and joy, and light !  
Creator of each starry sphere,  
That o'er me, on the arch of night,  
Gleams like a diamond, bright and clear.  
Oh, as I gaze, transported now,  
Upon this blue, resplendent dome,  
Deign but to hear my prayer, that Thou  
Wilt call my erring spirit home :

Home from the world's fast fading bowers,  
Frail visions and deluding dreams,  
To that fair clime of Eden's flowers,  
Sweet airs and softly gliding streams.  
Oh, make me feel that while I stay,  
A stranger and sojourner here,  
My soul must seek its homeward way,  
Far, far beyond each starry sphere !

I kneel before thy gorgeous throne,  
Upon thy footstool, King of kings !  
And, gazing on the glories strewn  
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,  
Abject and weak my awe-struck heart  
Would from thy dreadful presence flee,  
If, Saviour, thou didst not impart  
Rays of undying hope to me.

As yonder faint and glimmering star  
Receives its lustre from the sun,  
Though from its fiery splendors far ;  
So from thy love, Almighty One,  
My spirit drinks immortal light,  
Oh, never may that light decay,  
But, like yon diamond of the night  
In heaven's own beauty melt away.



## SONG,

BY EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine  
To some beloved health we drain,  
Lest future pledges, less divine,  
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane ;  
And thus I broke a heart that poured  
Its tide of feeling out for thee,  
In draughts, by after-times deplored,  
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old impassioned ways  
 And habits of my mind remain,  
 And still unhappy light displays  
 Thine image chambered in my brain.  
 And still it looks as when the hours  
 Went by like flights of singing birds,  
 On that soft chain of spoken flowers,  
 And airy gems, thy words.



## LINES,

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'The memory of joys that are past.'—*Ossian*.

WHERE are now the flowers that once detained me  
 Like a loiterer on my early way ?  
 Where the fragrant wreaths that softly chained me,  
 When young life was like an infant's play ?

Were they but the fancied dreams, that hover  
 Round the couch where tender hearts repose ?  
 Only pictured veils that brightly cover  
 With their skyey tints a world of woes ?

They are gone—but Memory loves to cherish  
 All their sweetness in her deepest core.  
 Ah ! the recollection cannot perish,  
 Though the eye may never meet them more.

There are hopes, that like enchantment brighten  
Gaily in the van of coming years ;  
They are never met— and yet they lighten,  
When we walk in sorrow and in tears.

When the present only tells of anguish,  
Then we know their worth, and only then :  
O ! the wasted heart will cease to languish,  
When it thinks of joys that might have been.

Age, and suffering, and want, may sever  
Every link, that bound to life, in twain :  
Hope—even Hope may vanish, but forever  
Memory with her visions will remain.

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### SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me :—bathed in light  
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,  
And in their fading glory shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,

And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted,—and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade,  
Where upward in the mellow blush of day  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash—  
I saw the current whirl and flash—  
And richly by the blue lake's silver beach  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.  
Then o'er the vale with gentle swell  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills,  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills  
Was ringing to the merry shout  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke  
Through thick-leaved branches from the dingle  
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears  
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

## AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail! thou noble land,  
Our fathers' native soil!  
O stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,  
From his pine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the great sublime;  
While the Tritons of the deep  
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim,  
Then let the world combine—  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the milky way, shall shine  
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed  
Since our fathers left their home,  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!  
And shall we not proclaim

That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host ;  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let Ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun  
Yet, still, from either beach,  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
'We are One!'



## LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

BY R. DAWES.

YES! still I love thee—Time who sets  
His signet on my brow,  
And dims my sunken eye, forgets  
The heart he could not bow;—  
Where love, that cannot perish, grows  
For one, alas! that little knows  
How love may sometimes last;  
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,  
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,  
Within its robe of light,  
Can never touch a leaf that blows,  
Though *seeming*, to the sight;  
And yet it still will linger there,  
Like hopeless love without despair,—  
A snow-drop in the sun!  
A moment finely exquisite,  
Alas! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart  
Think momentarily of me,—  
Nor would I tear the cords apart,  
That bind me so to thee;  
No! while my thoughts seem pure and mild  
Like dew upon the roses wild,

I would not have thee know,  
The stream that seems to thee so still,  
Has such a tide below !

Enough ! that in delicious dreams  
I see thee and forget—  
Enough, that when the morning beams,  
I feel my eye-lids wet !  
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall  
The darkness for creation's pall,  
To meet thee—and to love,—  
I would not shrink from aught below,  
Nor ask for more above.

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## THE STAR AND THE LILY.

THE sun stepped down from his golden throne,  
And lay in the silent sea,  
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
For a sleepy thing was she ;  
What was the Lily dreaming about ?  
O what is that to you ?  
And why did she open her drooping lids  
And look at the sky so blue ?

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek,  
In the lap of the breathless tide—  
Thou hast many a sister fresh and fair,

That would lie by the Rose's side ;  
He would love thee better than all the rest,  
And he would be fond and true,—  
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,  
And looked at the sky so blue.

Now think thee, think thee thou silly one,  
How fast will thy summer glide,  
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,  
Or flourish a blooming bride ?  
O the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,  
And he lives on earth, said she,  
But the star is fair and he lives in the air,  
And he shall my bridegroom be.

But what if the stormy cloud should come,  
And ruffle the silver sea,  
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,  
To smile on a thing like thee ?  
O no fair Lily, he will not send  
One ray from his far off throne,  
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,  
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain top,  
Nor a drop of evening dew,  
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,  
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,  
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,  
And warmed with his faithless beam,—

And will he be true to a pallid flower  
That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas for the Lily! she would not heed,  
But turned to the skies afar,  
And bared her breast to the trembling ray,  
That shot from the rising star;  
The cloud came over the darkened sky,  
And over the waters wide:  
She looked in vain through the beating rain,  
And sank in the stormy tide. O. W. U.

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## TO MY CIGAR.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
I love thy fragrant, misty spell,  
I love thy calm delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner past;  
I would reply, with reason strong,  
They 're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou 'rt like the man of worth, who gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odor of whose virtues lives,  
When he has passed away.

When in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,  
I trace how mighty realms have rose,  
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fume around,  
And then like thee to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,  
And time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is passed,  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?—  
A little moving heap,  
That soon like thee to fate must bow,  
With thee in dust must sleep.

~~~~~  
But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky.

~~~~~  
TO THE SOUTH WIND.

BY J. W. MILLER.

BALMY breeze from the blossomy South,  
Kissing my lips with thy tender mouth,  
Touching my forehead with delicate hand,  
Lifting my hair up with breath so bland,  
And bathing my head with scents of flowers,  
Borne from the laps of Southern bowers,—  
Balmy breeze, I behold not thee,  
Yet oh! how beautiful thou must be!

Stay—wilt thou stay, sweet breeze!—ah! now  
It hath fled away from my lip and brow;  
There, over the plain its wide robe spreads,  
And the gentle flowers are bending their heads;  
It hath entered the wood,—the beautiful brëeze!  
I hear its music among the trees;

And now ~~it~~ is passing over the river,  
I know by the water's timid quiver.

Balmy breeze!—I behold not thee,  
But, Oh! how beautiful thou must be!  
Come, thou breeze, from the bloomy South,  
Kiss my lips with thy tender mouth;  
Touch my brow with thy delicate hand,  
And take me away to thy Southern land;  
Then never, breeze invisible, roam,  
But dwell with me in thy spirit's home.

~~~~~

## LOVE.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

———The imperial votaress passed on  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.

*Midsummer's Night Dream.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?

BENEDICT, in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

WHEN the tree of love is budding first,  
Ere yet its leaves are green,  
Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst  
Its infant life has been;  
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring  
The buds from off the tree,  
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing  
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found  
A home in the free air,  
Pluck them, and there remains a wound  
That ever rankles there.  
The blight of hope and happiness  
Is felt when fond ones part,  
And the bitter tear that follows is  
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,  
'T is the fire-fly's light at even,  
'T is dim as wandering stars that burst  
In the blue of the summer heaven.  
A breath can bid it burn no more,  
Or if, at times, its beams  
Come on the memory, they pass o'er  
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into  
A being and a power,  
And smiled in scorn upon the dew  
That fell in its first warm hour,  
'T is the flame that curls round the martyr's head,  
Whose task is to destroy !  
'T is the lamp on the altars of the dead,  
Whose light is not of joy !

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,  
The infant buds of Love,  
And tread his growing fire to earth,



Ere 't is dark in clouds above ;  
Cherish no more a cypress tree  
To shade thy future years,  
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be  
Quenched only with thy tears.

~~~~~

## HIGHLAND BALLAD.

THE MINSTREL.

BY J. W. MILLER.

FAIR lot befall the minstrel !  
Bright sky and shadeless earth,  
Read ye what his deep eyes tell—  
The wizard poet's birth—  
Ye sprites, whose charge of duty  
Is over land and sea,  
To breathe the tints of beauty,  
And rear the strong and free—  
  
Let spring for him the fountains,  
And spread for him the bower,  
Pile high the 'battled mountains,  
Unfold the simple flower ;  
Let all be for the minstrel,  
For he is born of them,—  
To weave for him the song-spell,  
To stud his diadem.

Trace ye his boundless empire  
Upon the midnight air,  
With pencils of the red fire—  
He walks a monarch there!  
Nevis be his high altar,  
Its clouds his temple dome,  
His brave heart shall not falter—  
The minstrel-priest shall come.

And when the day is glowing  
Above the windless deep,  
The glassy waves are flowing  
With slow and idle sweep,  
Then launch him in a light boat  
Upon the slumbering main,  
That he may know what dreams float  
O'er ocean's mighty brain.

And fair befall the minstrel  
Within the homes of men!  
Ye fairy elves that aye dwell  
By highland hill and glen,  
Lead ye his footsteps ever,  
At rosy dawn and eve,  
When bright leaves toss and quiver,  
And pearly dew-nets weave.

In princely halls of wassail  
Fill him the cup of cheer,  
While o'er the conqueror's festal

His harp is linging clear ;  
And in the humble shealing  
Spread fresh his heather bed,  
That dreams from perfume stealing  
May wreath his sleeping head.

So through life's deserts dreary,  
Lone waste and busy town,  
His step may ne'er grow weary,  
His smooth brow never frown ;  
And when his quick glance slumbers  
From aught of earth or air,  
Breathe o'er his rest soft numbers—  
So let his lot be fair !



## THE MERMAID'S SONG.

BY H. F. GOULD.

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me,  
And hide thee under the wave—  
For I have a bed of coral for thee ;  
And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be  
In a cell in the Mermaid's cave.

On a pillow of pearls thine eye shall sleep,  
And nothing disturb thee there ;  
The fishes their silent vigils shall keep—  
There shall be no grass thy grave to sweep  
But the silk of the Mermaid's hair.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,  
As the tempest and ocean roar ;  
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,  
Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail  
Come whitening up to the shore.

She has not long to linger for thee ;—  
Her sorrows shall soon be o'er ;  
For, the cord shall be broke and the prisoner free,  
Her eye shall close ; and her dreams will be  
So sweet she will wake no more !



## THE SHOWER.

BY J. W. MILLER.

THE pleasant rain !—the pleasant rain !  
By fits it plashing falls  
On twangling leaf and dimpling pool,—  
How sweet its warning calls !  
They know it—all the bosomy vales,  
High slopes, and verdant meads ;  
The queenly elms and princely oaks,  
Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,  
And drooping shrubs look gay ;  
The bubbly brook, with gladlier song,  
Hies on its endless way ;

All things of earth—the grateful things!  
Put on their robes of cheer,  
They hear the sound of the warning burst,  
And know the rain is near.

It comes! it comes! the pleasant rain!  
I drink its cooler breath,  
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers  
And roses' fragrant death;  
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,  
The beds where violets die,  
And it bears their life on its living wings—  
I feel it wandering by.

And, yet, it comes! the lightning's flash  
Hath torn the lowering cloud,  
With a distant roar, and a nearer crash,  
Out bursts the thunder loud.  
It comes, with the rush of a god's descent  
On the hushed and trembling earth,  
To visit the shrines of the hallowed groves  
Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,  
Is the mighty gods' descent;  
Beneath the weight of his passing tread,  
The conscious groves are bent.  
His heavy tread—it is lighter now—  
And yet it passeth on;  
And now it is up, with a sudden lift,—  
The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain!—the pleasant rain!  
It hath passed above the earth,  
I see the smile of the opening cloud,  
Like the parted lips of mirth.  
The golden joy is spreading wide,  
Along the blushing west,  
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,  
Like the glow of a grateful breast.

As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,  
That knoweth all its need,  
So came the good of the pleasant rain,  
O'er hill and verdant mead.  
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,  
In hall and cotter's home,  
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven  
The pleasant rain hath come.

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## HIS CAPTORS TO ANDRE.

BY J. W. MILLER.

Look on us, Briton! readest thou  
Aught base or craven here?  
On these swart lips and toil-worn brows  
Is stamped the sign of fear?  
Look, man of courts, for knowest thou not  
Rude arms and peasant-vest  
Are lightnings in a patriot's grasp,  
Proof-mail upon his breast?

Go to ! we would not wrong the truth  
That fills thy noble eye ;  
That broad, pale forehead's lift of pride  
Should take no shameful dye ;  
We would not that a bribe should be  
Clasped in a brave man's hold—  
'T is a base weapon, vainly drawn—  
Briton ! put up thy gold !

Nor hope thou thus by prayer or threat  
To go hence free and proud ;  
How faintly falls the speech of man  
When God's deep voice is loud !  
God and our country ! hallowed words  
Breathe it but in thy heart—  
Briton ! then crave us that we bid  
A mortal foe depart.

Within our souls there is a voice—  
Within our eyes a fire—  
Leaving to pity's moan no ear,  
No glance to low desire :  
Our country's wrong—our country's hope—  
Are written on heaven's wall—  
We may but read that lightning scroll—  
Hear but its thunder call.

We may but meet thee as a foe—  
Lead thee but as a slave—  
Startest thou ? yet that proud form may bow

To fill a felon's grave!  
Go thou with us—our last resolve  
Perchance thy doom—is told—  
Thinkest thou to buy a patriot's soul!  
Briton! put up thy gold!

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FUNERAL OF THE OSAGE WARRIOR.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A MIGHTY form lay stretched and cold  
Beside his last retreat,  
The spear was in his mantle's fold,  
The quiver at his feet;  
Grave, hoary men with stifled moan  
Moved on sedate and slow,  
While woman's shrill, unheeded tone  
Broke forth in lawless wo.

Strange sight!—amid that funeral train  
A lofty steed stood nigh,  
With arching neck and curling mane,  
With bold, yet wondering eye.  
But when the wail grew wild and loud,  
His fiery nostril spread,  
As though he heard the war-whoop proud  
And rushed to carnage red.



‘Steed of the winds!—thy lord doth roam  
Gay through the spirit’s land,  
Where no pale tyrant’s eye shall come  
To frown on the happy band.  
When o’er the night, like meteor streams  
The lamp of their revels free,  
His hunting spear in lightning gleams,  
And he waits, he calls for thee.

He must not at the chase be late,  
He, of the soul of fire,  
Haste! Haste!’—the death-shot seals his fate,  
With sharp and sudden ire.  
One leap,—one groan,—and all was hushed.—  
He bowed his noble head,  
And free the deep, red streamlet gushed  
To lave his master’s bed.

Sad groups to guard their chieftain’s clay  
The tumulus prepare,  
While low a weeping mourner lay  
With dark, dishevelled hair.  
And when the evening star is bright,  
Full oft her widowed cry,  
Goes forth upon the stilly night,  
‘Why warrior,—didst thou die?’—

## STANZAS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THEY dread no storm that lowers,  
No perished joys bewail,  
They pluck no thorn-clad flowers,  
Nor drink of streams that fail,  
There is no tear-drop in their eye,  
No change upon their brow,  
The placid bosom heaves no sigh,  
Though all earth's idols bow.

Who are so greatly blest?—  
From whom hath sorrow fled?—  
Who share such deep, unbroken rest,  
While all things toil?—The dead!  
The holy dead!—why weep ye so  
Above the sable bier?—  
Thrice blessed!—they have done with wo  
The living claim the tear.

Go to their sleeping bowers,  
Deck their low couch of clay  
With early spring's uncolored flowers,  
And when they fade away,  
Think of the amaranthine wreath  
The bright bowers never dim,  
And tell me why thou flyest from death  
Or hidest thy friends from him?—

We dream but they awake,  
Dark visions mar our rest,  
Through thorns and snares our way we take,  
And yet we mourn the blest!  
For those who throng the eternal Throne  
Lost are the tears we shed,—  
They are the living,—they alone  
Whom thus we call the dead.



## PHILOSOPHY.

BY C. SHERRY.

It was a fleeting passion, brief and vain,  
As the mere shadow of an idle dream,  
And bound me slightly as a silken chain  
Might bind the flowing breeze or floating stream;  
It happened thus—I met her, called her dear,  
And whispered loving nonsense in her ear.

It grew upon me, and in time I came  
To think upon her often when away;  
And yet more brightly burned the rising flame;  
And, while her image haunted me by day,  
Oft to my nightly visions came the glance,  
That beamed so sweetly in the evening dance.

Thus it went on. It was no fault of mine  
That I should dearly love to sit and talk with her;

That in the moonlight or the bright star shine,  
I thought it very sweet indeed to walk with her;  
And chat of half a million pretty things,  
Which beauty's presence to your tongue's end  
brings.

I was not far from twenty, and the fairy,  
Within some seven years, was about the same;  
For the rhyme's sake we'll call our beauty Mary,  
Though I assure you that is not her name:  
Excuse my noting names and ages so,  
But then I thought that you might like to know.

She loved me, often promised that her love  
Should cling to me, while she should cling to life;  
She called upon the burning stars above,  
And whispered something of that sweet word, wife;  
But what is endless love, except where cash is?  
The fabled fruit of blooming gilded ashes.

Do you like letter-reading? if you do,  
I have some twenty dozen very pretty ones;  
Gay sober, rapturous, solemn, very true,  
And very lying—stupid ones, and witty ones;  
On gilt edged paper, blue perhaps or pink,  
And frequently in fancy colored ink.

And then the seals—a silver crescent moon,  
With half a line of melting French or Latin;  
The flower which has an eye as bright as noon,

And leaf as delicate as softest satin,  
Called the Forget-me-not, but known as well  
By twenty names I cannot stop to tell—

A leaf with half a dozen words, that mean  
'I only change in death ;' a gentle dove,  
With an Italian motto—you have seen  
Fifty just like them, if you've been in love  
And had occasion to write billet-doux,  
Or had them written in return to you.

Do you like trinkets? I have chains and rings,  
And ringlets of her own dark, glossy hair,  
Locketts, and favors, and the little things,  
That gentlemen in love are wont to wear ;  
Among the rest a pair of hearts—in token  
Of her own faithlessness, one heart is broken !

Now who would think it? I am very quiet,  
And not disposed to murmur at the sex,  
And though, I fancy, if disposed to try it  
I might tell tales that would be apt to vex  
Some pert coquettes—yet, take them on the whole,  
You very seldom find one with a soul.

It was a very charming autumn night,  
When forest leaves had not yet changed their hue,  
The many sentinel stars were shining bright  
In the o'erarching sky's unclouded blue ;  
And every thing, around us and above,  
Breathed sweetest incense to our vows of love.

That autumn evening I remember yet,  
It was so full of joy ; and you may say,  
That I had little reason to forget  
Such an occasion to my dying day ;  
I parted from her at eleven or past,  
And little thought that parting was our last.

I knew there was a rival in the case,  
A very rich and very stupid fellow ;  
With bushy whiskers on an ugly face,  
And a complexion not a little yellow ;  
Six feet in height, and of a stately carriage,  
And of an age to make a prudent marriage.

But that did not diminish my surprise,  
When, on the very afternoon succeeding,  
A black-sealed billet met my startled eyes,  
Filled to the brim with entertaining reading ;  
It was, indeed, most singularly phrased,  
And left me quite peculiarly amazed.

She was extremely sorry, on her soul,  
Hoped I might still continue as a brother,  
But circumstances, she could not control,  
Forced her, alas ! to marry with another ;  
And friends, regardless of her deep affection,  
Had interfered to sever our connexion !

I am not of the family of Stoics,  
And thought at first of nothing short of death ;

And fell into the most insane heroics,  
And raved till altogether out of breath ;  
Then took a little walk to make my mind up,  
On some fit means my short career to wind up.

Philosophy, however, is the only  
Balm for the evils of this changing life ;  
It soothes alike the married and the lonely,  
Healing the ill of maiden or of wife ;  
Husbands and youthful bachelors may find, too,  
A solace in it when they have a mind to.

And so I called it one more bubble broken,  
Another vision faded quite away,  
Another trusted promise falsely spoken,  
Another star gone out, another ray  
Of the proud sun extinguished, and so on  
Till all my words and similes were gone.

I left my lodgings in the morning stage,  
And spent a few weeks in a southern city ;  
My mind returned to me before an age,  
And some few faces once again seemed pretty ;  
I found some cheeks as delicate as roses,  
Some cherry lips, bright eyes, and well cut noses.

And when again the city of my birth  
Was gladdened with my presence, then again  
The skies were blue and starry, and the earth  
Covered with snow and frost work ; but the reign

Of love unchangeable and burning passion,  
Was soon forgotten in the rounds of fashion.

I often see her in the bright saloon,  
And sometimes turn her in the gay cotillion;  
But all in vain, for she must marry soon,  
With her old, ugly, crabbed, half a million;  
We meet like strangers silent and unmoved,  
Without a glance to tell that we have loved.

Mary! my love was centred all in thee,  
With thought of thee my every hope was blended;  
But, as the shadow flits along the sea,  
My dream has vanished, and my vision ended;  
And when thy lover leads thee to the altar,  
My cheek shall never blanch, nor my voice falter.

I hope that heaven may crown thy life with joys,  
I hope, sincerely, as a friend or brother,  
That many curly-headed girls and boys  
May in due time appear to call thee mother;  
I hope, besides, that all of them may be  
More true in faith, than thou hast been to me.

Farewell! my life may wear a careless smile,  
My lips may breathe the very soul of lightness,  
But the touched heart must deeply feel the while,  
That life has lost a portion of its brightness;  
And woman's love shall never be a chain,  
To bind me to its nothingness again!



## A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

I FILL this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;  
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have  
given

A form so fair, that, like the air, 't is less of earth  
than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morn-  
ing birds,

And something more than melody dwells ever in  
her words;

The coinage of her heart are they, and from her  
lips each flows

As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from  
the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measure of  
her hours;

Her feelings have the fragrance and the freshness of  
young flowers;

And lonely passions changing oft, so fill her, she  
appears

The image of themselves by turns—the idol of past  
years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture  
on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must  
long remain ;  
But memory such as mine of her so very much  
endears,  
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's,  
but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—  
Her health ! and would on earth there stood some  
more of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

---

TO A CHILD.

‘The memory of thy name, dear one,  
Lives in my inmost heart,  
Linked with a thousand hopes and fears,  
That will not thence depart.’

THINGS of high import sound I in thine ears,  
Dear child, though now thou mayest not feel  
their power.  
But hoard them up, and in thy coming years  
Forget them not ; and when earth's tempests  
lower,  
A talisman unto thee shall they be,

To give thy weak arm strength, to make thy dim  
eye see.

Seek TRUTH—that pure, celestial Truth, whose  
birth

Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred  
shrined,

In reason's light. Not oft she visits earth ;

But her majestic port the willing mind,  
Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy  
soul,

Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee  
roll.

Be FREE—not chiefly from the iron chain,

But from the one which passion forges ; be

The master of thyself ! If lost, regain

The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be  
free.

Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,

And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek VIRTUE. Wear her armor to the fight ;

Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,  
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might

By each contending, turbulent ill of life.

Seek Virtue ; she alone is all divine ;

And, having found, be strong in God's own strength  
and thine.

TRUTH—FREEDOM—VIRTUE—these, dear child,  
have power,  
If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,  
And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour :  
Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain—  
In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled ;  
Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it  
basely toiled.

~~~~~  
HYMN OF NATURE.

BY W. B. O. PEABODY

God of the earth's extended plains !  
The dark green fields contented lie :  
The mountains rise like holy towers,  
Where man might commune with the sky  
The tall cliff challenges the storm  
That lowers upon the vale below,  
Where shaded fountains send their streams,  
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep !  
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,  
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm  
Hath summoned up their thundering bands ;  
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,  
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,

Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale  
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade !  
The grandeur of the lonely tree,  
That wrestles singly with the gale,  
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;  
But more majestic far they stand,  
When, side by side, their ranks they form  
To wave on high their plumes of green,  
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !  
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,  
Or, gathering in their angry might,  
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;  
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,  
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,  
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—  
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !  
How gloriously above us springs  
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,  
Suspended on the rainbow's rings !  
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,  
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free  
In evening's purple radiance, gives  
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !  
Thy name is written clearly bright  
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,  
Or evening's golden shower of light.  
For every fire that fronts the sun,  
And every spark that walks alone  
Around the utmost verge of heaven,  
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! the hour must come,  
And nature's self to dust return ;  
Her crumbling altars must decay ;  
Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;  
But still her grand and lovely scenes  
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;  
For hearts grow holier as they trace  
The beauty of the world below.

~~~~~

## THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

BY R. H. DANA.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,  
Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?  
Why with that boding cry  
O'er the waves dost thou fly ?  
O, rather, bird, with me  
Through the fair land rejoice !

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,  
As driven by a beating storm at sea ;  
Thy cry is weak and scared,  
As if thy mates had shared  
The doom of us. Thy wail—  
What does it bring to me ?

Thou callest along the sand, and hauntest the surge  
Restless and sad ; as if, in strange accord  
With motion, and with roar  
Of waves that drive to shore,  
One spirit did ye urge—  
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou, both sepulchre and pall,  
Old Ocean, art ! A requiem o'er the dead,  
From out thy gloomy cells,  
A tale of mourning tells—  
Tells of man's wo and fall,  
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight  
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring  
Thy spirit never more.  
Come, quit with me the shore,  
For gladness and the light,  
Where birds of summer sing.

## MORNING AMONG THE HILLS.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

A NIGHT had passed away among the hills,  
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn  
Showed in the east. The bright and dewy star,  
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,  
Looked through the cool air, like a blessed thing  
In a far purer world. Below there lay  
Wrapped round a woody mountain tranquilly  
A misty cloud. Its edges caught the light,  
That now came up from out the unseen depth  
Of the full fount of day, and they were laced  
With colors ever-brightening. I had waked  
From a long sleep of many changing dreams,  
And now in the fresh forest air I stood  
Nerved to another day of wandering.  
Before me rose a pinnacle of rock,  
Lifted above the wood that hemmed it in,  
And now already glowing. There the beams  
Came from the far horizon, and they wrapped it  
In light and glory. Round its vapory cone  
A crown of far-diverging rays shot out,  
And gave to it the semblance of an altar  
Lit for the worship of the undying flame,  
That centred in the circle of the sun,  
Now coming from the ocean's fathomless caves,  
Anon would stand in solitary pomp  
Above the loftiest peaks, and cover them



With splendor as a garment. Thitherward  
I bent my eager steps; and through the grove  
Now dark as deepest night, and thickets hung  
With a rich harvest of unnumbered gems,  
Waiting the clearer dawn to catch the hues  
Shed from the starry fringes of its veil  
On cloud and mist and dew, and backward thrown  
With undiminished beauty, on I went  
Mounting with hasty foot, and thence emerging  
I scaled that rocky steep, and there awaited  
Silent the full appearing of the sun.

Below there lay a far extended sea  
Rolling in feathery waves. The wind blew o'er it,  
And tossed it round the high ascending racks,  
And swept it through the half hidden forest tops,  
Till, like an ocean waking into storm,  
It heaved and weltered. Gloriously the light  
Crested its billows, and those craggy islands  
Shone on it like to palaces of spar  
Built on a sea of pearl. Far overhead  
The sky without a vapor or a stain,  
Intensely blue, even deepened into purple,  
Where nearer the horizon it received  
A tincture from the mist that there dissolved  
Into the viewless air,—the sky bent round  
The awful dome of a most mighty temple  
Built by omnipotent hands for nothing less  
Than infinite worship. There I stood in silence—  
I had no words to tell the mingled thoughts  
Of wonder and of joy, that then came o'er me,

Even with a whirlwind's rush. So beautiful,  
So bright, so glorious! Such a majesty  
In yon pure vault! So many dazzling tints  
In yonder waste of waves,—so like the ocean  
With its unnumbered islands there encircled  
By foaming surges, that the mounting eagle,  
Lifting his fearless pinion through the clouds  
To bathe in purest sunbeams, seemed an ospray  
Hovering above his prey, and yon tall pines,  
Their tops half mantled in a snowy veil,  
A frigate with full canvass, bearing on  
To conquest and to glory. But even these,  
Had round them something of the lofty air  
In which they moved ;—not like to things of earth,  
But heightened, and made glorious, as became  
Such pomp and splendor.

Who can tell the brightness,  
That every moment caught a newer glow ;  
That circle, with its centre like the heart  
Of elemental fire, and spreading out  
In floods of liquid gold on the blue sky  
And on the opaline waves, crowned with a rainbow  
Bright as the arch that bent above the throne  
Seen in a vision by the holy man  
In Patmos! Who can tell how it ascended,  
And flowed more widely o'er that lifted ocean  
Till instantly the unobstructed sun  
Rolled up his sphere of fire, floating away—  
Away in a pure ether, far from earth,  
And all its clouds,—and pouring forth unbounded

His arrowy brightness! From that burning centre  
At once there ran along the level line  
Of that imagined sea, a stream of gold—  
Liquid and flowing gold, that seemed to tremble  
Even with a furnace of heat, on to the point,  
Whereon I stood. At once that sea of vapor  
Parted away, and melting into air  
Rose round me, and I stood involved in light,  
As if a flame had kindled up, and wrapped me  
In its innocuous blaze. Away it rolled,  
Wave after wave. Then climbed the highest rocks,  
Poured over them in surges, and then rushed  
Down glens and valleys, like a wintry torrent  
Dashed instant to the plain. It seemed a moment,  
And they were gone, as if the touch of fire  
At once dissolved them. Then I found myself  
Midway in air;—ridge after ridge below,  
Descended with their opulence of woods  
Even to the dim seen level, where a lake  
Flashed in the sun and from it wound a line,  
Now silvery bright even to the farthest verge  
Of the encircling hills. A waste of rocks  
Was round me—but below how beautiful,  
How rich the plain—a wilderness of groves  
And ripening harvests; while the sky of June—  
The soft blue sky of June, and the cool air,  
That makes it then a luxury to live,  
Only to breathe it, and the busy echo  
Of cascades, and the voice of mountain brooks,  
Stole with such gentle meanings to my heart,  
That where I stood seemed Heaven.

## TO A LADY.

BY J. W. MILLER.

Good night!— good night! how from my heart  
Gushes the prayer—good night!  
O! that a poet had but part  
In some great Spirit's might;  
That with the swelling of his love  
His power might hold increase;  
So he might spread thy couch above  
A firmament of peace.

So he might pour refreshing showers  
Of dreamy blessings o'er thee;  
And lift sweet Fancy's store of flowers  
And breaths of heaven before thee;  
Making the night's dull glance to give  
The light of Hope's bestowments;  
And quick'ning years of joy to live  
In space of fitting moments.

Yet, no!—he hath no spell—the leaf,  
On which his power is writ,  
But giveth him to chase a grief  
When happier thoughts were fit;  
When life's sad follies and dark ire  
O'ercloud familiar eyes,  
To light his torch at Nature's fire  
And bid her incense rise.

A heaven of heart so pure as thine  
His reaching shades might dim ;  
The love that is thy Spirit's shrine  
Were echoless to him ;  
A will more strong than his is forth  
To guard thee and to bless,  
Which canopies with goodlier worth  
The couch thy cheek shall press.

Then hie thee to thy rest, loved one,  
Wearied with pains of earth ;  
And when the morrow's golden Sun  
Gives out his good and mirth,  
So mayst thou rise, to share the wealth  
Poured down in his warm light ;  
And cheerfulness and Seraph health  
Be over thee—good night !

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THE LITTLE FOOT.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

My boy, as gently on my breast,  
From infant sport, thou sink'st to rest ;  
And on my hand I feel thee put,  
In playful dreams, thy little foot,  
The thrilling touch sets every string  
Of my full heart to quivering ;

For, ah ! I think, what chart can show  
The ways through which this foot may go ?

Its print will be, in childhood's hours,  
Traced in the garden, round the flowers ;  
But youth will bid it leap the rills,  
Bathe in the dew on distant hills,  
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out  
When riper years would pause and doubt,  
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink  
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.

But, what, when manhood tints thy cheek,  
Will be the ways this foot will seek ?  
Is it to lightly pace the deck,  
Helpless, to slip from off the wreck ?  
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,  
Returning to thy home no more,  
Until the bosom now thy pillow,  
Is low and cold beneath the willow ?

Or, is it for the battle-plain,  
Beside the slayer and the slain ?  
Will there its final step be taken ?  
There, sleep thine eye no more to waken ?  
Is it to glory or to shame—  
To sully, or to gild thy name ?  
Is it to happiness or wo  
This little foot is made to go ?

But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,  
Whether in cottage or in hall ;  
O, may it ever shun the ground  
Where'er his foot was never found,  
Who, on his path of life, hath shed  
A living light, that all may tread  
Upon his earthly steps ; and none  
*E'er dash the foot against a stone !*

Yet, if thy way is marked by fate,  
As, guilty, dark and desolate ;  
If thou must float, by vice and crime,  
A wreck, upon the stream of time !  
Oh ! rather than behold that day,  
I'd know this foot, in lightsome play,  
Would bound, with guiltless, infant glee  
Upon the sod that sheltered me !



## THE DYING STORM.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

I AM feeble, pale and weary,  
And my wings are nearly furled !  
I have caused a scene so dreary,  
I am glad to quit the world !  
With bitterness I'm thinking  
On the evil I have done,

And to my caverns sinking  
From the coming of the sun.

The heart of man will sicken  
In that pure and holy light,  
When he feels the hopes I've stricken  
With an everlasting blight !  
For widely, in my madness,  
Have I poured abroad my wrath ;  
And, changing joy to sadness,  
Scattered ruin on my path.

Earth shuddered at my motion,  
And my power in silence owns ;  
But the deep and troubled ocean  
O'er my deeds of horror moans !  
I have sunk the brightest treasure ;  
I've destroyed the fairest form :  
I have sadly filled my measure,  
And am now a dying storm !



## THE SWEDISH MINER.

BY J. MC'LELLAN.

The body of a young Swedish Miner was once discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, in a state of perfect preservation from the action of the mineral waters in which, he had been immersed. No one could recognise the body except a very old woman, who knew it to be that of her lover, and embraced it with the most lively demonstration of grief. He had perished fifty years before.

THEY'VE borne him from the ghastly tomb  
Up to the blessed light of day ;

And from his cheek the transient bloom  
Of life, hath scarcely past away.  
Upon the stripling's tranquil cheek,  
The bloom of life doth glow,  
Like twilight's rich and rosy streak  
Upon the Winter snow.

There came an aged dame ; and put away  
The dark hair, from his pallid brow,  
And look ! how mournfully she doth lay  
Her lips to his pale features now.  
Methinks, some pleasant dream of years  
Long gone, comes o'er her memory ;  
For smiles gleam o'er her face, then tears  
Gush to her aged eye,  
And mournfully and low,  
These words from her full heart o'erflow.

‘And art thou lying here!  
Beautiful as thou wast, when side by side,  
Our wayward feet ranged all the woodlands wide,  
In childhood’s thoughtless glee!  
Yes! my beloved, though gone hath many a year,  
I well remember thee!

‘Here is the same white brow  
That won my simple heart, when life’s green path  
Was all a paradise; methinks it hath  
Its same calm beauty yet,  
That cheek! though death hath somewhat changed  
it now  
I never might forget!

‘Thou wearest the red rose  
I gave thee, on that gentle summer’s eve,  
When thou, all bloom and manliness, didst leave  
Me, blushing at the door—  
Alas! I little dreamed at that day’s mellow close,  
My love would come no more.

‘After the rapid flight  
Of fifty years, ’t is pleasant, in old age  
To see thee, ere I end my pilgrimage.  
And now we part! Thy cell,  
The awful tomb! must shut thee from my sight,  
I join thee soon. Farewell!’

## THE SHIP IS READY.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

FARE thee well ! the ship is ready,  
And the breeze is fresh and steady.  
Hands are fast the anchor weighing ;  
High in air the streamer's playing.  
Spread the sails—the waves are swelling  
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling.  
Fare thee well ! and when at sea,  
Think of those, who sigh for thee.

When from land and home receding,  
And from hearts, that ache to bleeding,  
Think of those behind, who love thee,  
While the sun is bright above thee !  
Then, as down to ocean glancing,  
With the waves his rays are dancing,  
Think how long the night will be  
To the eyes, that weep for thee.

When the lonely night-watch keeping  
All below thee still and sleeping—  
As the needle points the quarter  
O'er the wide and trackless water,  
Let thy vigils ever find thee  
Mindful of the friends behind thee !  
Let thy bosom's magnet be  
Turned to those, who wake for thee !

When, with slow and gentle motion,  
Heaves the bosom of the ocean—  
While in peace thy bark is riding,  
And the silver moon is gliding  
O'er the sky with tranquil splendor,  
Where the shining hosts attend her;  
Let the brightest visions be  
Country, home and friends, to thee!

When the tempest hovers o'er thee,  
Danger, wreck, and death before thee,  
While the sword of fire is gleaming,  
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,  
Then, a pious suppliant bending,  
Let thy thoughts to heaven ascending  
Reach the mercy seat, to be  
Met by prayers that rise for thee!



## LINES.

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

'THE song that o'er me hovered  
In summer's hour, in summer's hour,  
To day with joy has covered  
My winter bower, my winter bower.  
Blest be the lips that breathe it,  
As mine have been, as mine have been,

When pressed, in dreams, beneath it,  
To hers unseen, to hers unseen.  
And may her heart, wherever  
Its hope may be, its hope may be,  
Beat happily, though never  
To beat for me, to beat for me.

Is she a Spirit, given  
One hour to earth, one hour to earth,  
To bring me dreams from heaven,  
Her place of birth, her place of birth ?  
Or minstrel maiden, hidden  
Like cloistered nun, like cloistered nun,  
A bud, a flower, forbidden  
To air and sun, to air and sun ?  
For had I power to summon  
With harp divine, with harp divine,  
The Angel, or the Woman,  
The last were mine, the last were mine.

If earth-born Beauty's fingers  
Awaked the lay, awaked the lay,  
Whose echoed music lingers  
Around my way, around my way ;  
Where smiles the hearth she blesses  
With voice and eye, with voice and eye ?  
Where binds the Night her tresses,  
When sleep is nigh, when sleep is nigh ?  
Is fashion's bleak cold mountain  
Her bosom's throne, her bosom's throne ?

Or love's green vale and fountain,  
With One alone, with One alone?

Why ask? why seek a treasure,  
Like her I sing, like her I sing?  
Her name nor pain nor pleasure  
To me should bring, to me should bring.  
Love must not grieve or gladden  
My thoughts of snow, my thoughts of snow,  
Nor woman soothe or sadden  
My path below, my path below.  
Before a worldlier altar  
I've knelt too long, I've knelt too long,  
And if my footsteps falter,  
'T is but in song, 't is but in song.

Nor would I break the vision  
Young fancies frame, young fancies frame,  
That lights with stars elysian,  
A poet's name, a poet's name;  
For she, whose gentle spirit  
Such dreams sublime, such dreams sublime,  
Gives hues they do not merit  
To sons of rhyme, to sons of rhyme.  
But place the proudest near her,  
Whate'er his pen, whate'er his pen,  
She'll say, (be mute who hear her,)  
'Mere mortal men, mere mortal men!'

Yet though unseen, unseeing,  
We meet and part, we meet and part,

Be still my worshipped Being,  
In mind and heart, in mind and heart.  
And bid thy song that found me—  
My minstrel maid, my minstrel maid !  
Be winter's sunbeam round me,  
And summer's shade, and summer's shade.  
I could not gaze upon thee,  
And dare thy spell, and dare thy spell,  
And, when a happier won thee,  
Thus bid farewell, thus bid farewell.

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## THE DYING SENECA.

HE died not as the martyr dies,  
Wrapped in his living shroud of flame ;  
He fell not as the warrior falls,  
Gasping upon the field of fame ;  
A gentler passage to the grave  
The murderer's softened fury gave.  
Rome's slaughtered sons and blazing piles  
Had tracked the purpled demon's path,  
And yet another victim lived  
To fill the fiery scroll of wrath ;  
Could not imperial vengeance spare  
His furrowed brow and silver hair ?  
The field was sown with noble blood,  
The harvest reaped in bitter tears,

When rolling up its crimson flood  
    Broke the long gathering tide of years ;  
His diadem was rent away  
And beggars trampled on his clay.

None wept—none pitied—they who knelt  
    At morning by the despot's throne,  
At evening dashed the laurelled bust  
    And spurned the wreaths themselves had strown ;  
The shout of triumph echoed wide,  
The self-stung reptile writhed and died !

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PAINTING.

BY P. M. WETMORE.

'Tis to the pencil's magic skill  
    Life owes the power, almost divine,  
To call back vanished forms at will,  
    And bid the grave its prey resign :  
Affection's eye again may trace  
    The lineaments beloved so well ;  
The speaking look, the form of grace,  
    All on the living canvass dwell :  
'Tis there the childless mother pays  
    Her sorrowing soul's idolatry ;  
There love can find, in after days,  
    A talisman to memory !  
'Tis thine, o'er history's storied page,



To shed the halo-light of truth ;  
And bid the scenes of by-gone age  
Still flourish in immortal youth—  
The long forgotten battle-field,  
With mailed men to people forth ;  
In bannered pride, with spear and shield,  
To show the mighty ones of earth—  
To shadow, from the holy book,  
The images of sacred lore ;  
On Calvary, the dying look  
That told life's agony was o'er—  
The joyous hearts, and glistening eyes,  
When little ones were suffered near—  
The lips that bade the dead arise  
To dry the widowed mother's tear :  
These are the triumphs of the art,  
Conceptions of the master-mind ;  
Time-shrouded forms to being start,  
And wondering rapture fills mankind !

## THE FIRST DAY OF THE YEAR.

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

ONE day—it is a trifling theme,  
And who would heed a day?  
An evening's gloom, a morning's gleam,  
How soon they pass away!  
'T is but a welcome—an adieu—  
The fairest day is gone;  
And with to-morrow's hopes in view,  
We bid the hours roll on—  
To-day like bird in tethering string,  
With faded eye, and folded wing,  
Its narrow circle creeps;  
But like a bird in airy flight,  
With wing of power and eye of light,  
To-morrow heaven-ward sweeps.

Such are the dreams of early youth,  
Ere dimmed, by gathering fears;  
The halo round the orb of Truth,  
Presages clouds and tears—  
I trust, my loved ones, still ye see  
The brightness clear and pure,  
And gloomy thoughts that shadow me  
Unmoved I can endure—  
The vine, even when its prop is lost,

Its tendrils torn and tempest-tost,  
May shield the little flower ;  
And thus I bide the world's rude strife,  
That I may shield your morn of life  
From sorrow's blighting power.

'T is sad, as years grow short, to know  
Death only brings relief ;  
But saddest of all earthly wo,  
Is childhood bowed in grief ;—  
In sunny skies let fledgings fly ;  
Be prairies green and fair,  
Ere the young fawns come forth to try  
Their glancing footsteps there ;  
Nature and Instinct guard the young—  
But only from the human tongue  
Love's holy vows are given ;  
'And only human hearts are filled  
With springs of Love, that, when distilled,  
Rise to their fount in heaven.

And thus doth feeling's signet prove  
Man's origin divine,  
When eye meets eye in trusting love,  
We feel the sacred sign ;  
Of life, immortal life ! how mild  
The glorious promise shines,  
When the young mother o'er her child,  
First reads the deathless lines  
The spirit on its clay impresses,

And answers with her warm caresses,  
As she were fain to bind  
Its soul to her's!—And this is Love—  
'Tis prayer on earth; 'tis praise above;  
'Tis God within the mind.

And in Love's name I'll drink my cup,  
Nor deem it steeped in tears,  
While fondly I am garnering up  
Rich hopes for future years :  
O, I shall hear glad voices say,  
'Thy children bless thy care!'  
These are my cherished dreams to-day,  
And who has dreams more fair?  
*Dreams* will they prove?—I fear it not—  
I communed with my secret thought,  
Nor selfish wish was there—  
*One* only—and it will endure—  
'O, keep my dear ones good and pure!'  
And Heaven will hear my prayer!

## THE BIRTH OF THUNDER.

## A DAHCOTAH LEGEND.

BY J. SNELLING.

Twenty-eight miles from the Big Stone Lake, near the sources of the St. Peter's River, is a cluster of small lakes, or ponds, lying much below the level of the surrounding prairie, and ornamented with an oak wood. The Dahcotahs call this place *THE NEST OF THUNDER*, and say that here Thunder was born. As soon as the infant spirit could go alone, he set out to see the world, and at the first step placed his foot upon a hill twenty-five miles distant; a rock on the top of which actually seems to bear the print of a gigantic human foot. The Indians call the hill *THUNDER'S TRACKS*. The Nest of Thunder is, to this day, visited by the being whose birth it witnessed. He comes clad in a mantle of storms, and lightnings play round his head.

'Look, white man, well on all around,  
These hoary oaks, those boundless plains;  
Tread lightly; this is holy ground—  
Here Thunder, awful spirit! reigns.  
Look on those waters far below,  
So deep beneath the prairie sleeping,  
The summer sun's meridian glow  
Scarce warms the sands their waves are heaping;  
And scarce the bitter blast can blow  
In winter on their icy cover;  
The Wind Sprite may not stoop so low,  
But bows his head and passes over.  
Perched on the top of yonder pine,  
The heron's billow-searching eye  
Can scarce his finny prey descry,

Glad leaping where their colors shine.  
Those lakes, whose shores but now we trod,  
Scars deeply on Earth's bosom dinted,  
Are the strong impress of a god,  
By Thunder's giant foot imprinted.  
Nay, stranger, as I live 't is truth!

The lips of those who never lied  
Repeat it daily to our youth.

Famed heroes, erst my nation's pride,  
Beheld the wonder; and our sages  
Gave down the tale to after ages.

Dost not believe? though blooming fair

The flowrets court the breezes coy,  
Though now the sweet-grass\* scents the air,  
And sunny nature basks in joy,

It is not ever so.

Come when the lightning flashes,

Come when the forest crashes,

When shrieks of pain and wo,  
Break on thine ear-drum thick and fast,  
From ghosts that shiver in the blast;—  
Then shalt thou know, and bend the knee  
Before the angry deity.

‘ But now attend, while I unfold

The lore my brave forefathers taught.—

As yet the storm, the heat, the cold,

The changing seasons had not brought.

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\* Sweet-grass is found in the prairies, and has an exceedingly fragrant odor.

Famine was not ; each tree and grot  
Grew greener for the rain ;  
The wanton doe, the buffalo  
Blithe bounded on the plain.  
In mirth did man the hours employ  
Of that eternal spring ;  
With song and dance and shouts of joy  
Did hill and valley ring.  
No death shot pealed upon the ear,  
No painted warrior poised the spear,  
No stake-doomed captive shook for fear  
No arrow left the string,  
Save when the wolf to earth was borne  
From foeman's head no scalp was torn ;  
Nor did the pangs of hate and scorn  
The red man's bosom wring.  
Then waving fields of yellow corn  
Did our blessed villages adorn.

' Alas ! that man will never learn  
His good from evil to discern.  
At length, by furious passions driven,  
The Indian left his babes and wife,  
And every blessing God had given,  
To mingle in the deadly strife.  
Fierce Wrath and haggard Envy soon  
Achieved the work that War begun ;  
He left unsought the beast of chase,  
And preyed upon his kindred race.

But He who rules the earth and skies,  
Who watches every bolt that flies ;  
From whom all gifts, all blessings flow,  
With grief beheld the scene below.

He wept ; and, as the balmy shower  
Refreshing to the ground descended,  
Each drop gave being to a flower,  
And all the hills in homage bended.

‘ Alas ! ’ the good Great Spirit said,  
‘ Man merits not the climes I gave ;  
Where’er a hillock rears its head

He digs his brother’s timeless grave :  
To every crystal rill of water  
He gives the crimson stain of slaughter  
No more for him my brow shall wear

A constant, glad, approving smile ;  
Ah no ! my eyes must withering glare

On bloody hands and deeds of guile.  
Henceforth shall my lost children know  
The piercing wind, the blinding snow ;  
The storm shall drench, the sun shall burn,  
The winter freeze them, each in turn.  
Henceforth their feeble frames shall feel  
A climate like their hearts of steel.

‘ The moon that night withheld her light.  
By fits, instead, a lurid glare  
Illumed the skies ; while mortal eyes  
Were closed, and voices rose in prayer.  
While the revolving sun



Three times his course might run,  
The dreadful darkness lasted.  
And all that time the red man's eye  
A sleeping spirit might espy,  
Upon a tree top cradled high,  
Whose trunk his breath had blasted.

So long he slept, he grew so fast,  
Beneath his weight the gnarled oak  
Snapt, as the tempest snaps the mast.

It fell, and Thunder woke !

The world to its foundation shook,  
The grisly bear his prey forsook,  
The scowling heaven an aspect bore,  
That man had never seen before ;  
The wolf in terror fled away,  
And shone at last the light of day.

'T was here he stood ; these lakes attest  
Where first Waw-kee-an's footsteps prest.  
About his burning brow a cloud,

Black as the raven's wing, he wore ;  
Thick tempests wrapt him like a shroud,  
Red lightnings in his hand he bore ;  
Like two bright suns his eyeballs shone,  
His voice was like the cannon's tone ;  
And, where he breathed, the land became,  
Prairie and wood, one sheet of flame.

Not long upon this mountain height  
The first and worst of storms abode,  
For, moving in his fearful might,  
Abroad the God-begotten strode.

Afar, on yonder faint blue mound  
In the horizon's utmost bound,  
At the first stride his foot he set ;  
The jarring world confessed the shock.  
Stranger ! the track of Thunder yet  
Remains upon the living rock.  
The second step, he gained the sand  
On far Superior's storm-beat strand :  
Then with his shout the concave rung,  
As up to heaven the giant sprung  
On high, beside his sire to dwell ;  
But still, of all the spots on earth,  
He loves the woods that gave him birth.  
Such is the tale our fathers tell.'

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## TO THE WITCH HAZEL.

MYSTERIOUS plant ! whose golden tresses wave  
With a sad beauty in the dying year,  
Blooming amid November's frost severe,  
Like the pale corpse-light o'er the recent grave !  
If shepherds tell us true, thy wand hath power,  
With gracious influence, to avert the harm  
Of ominous planets, and the fatal charm  
Of spirits wandering at the midnight hour ;  
And thou canst point where buried treasures lie.  
But yet to me, thou art an emblem high  
Of patient virtue, to the Christian given,

Unchanged and bright, when all is dark beside ;  
Our shield from wild temptations, and our guide  
To treasures for the just laid up in heaven.



ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE,  
OF SUMMER TWILIGHT PAINTED BY ALLSTON.

BY I. M'CLELLAN, JR.

THE tender Twilight with a crimson cheek  
Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind  
Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down  
To slumber by the darkened woods—the herds  
Have left their pastures, where the sward grows  
green  
And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,  
And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar  
Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade,  
And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound ;  
While answering Echo from the distant hill,  
Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.  
How tenderly the trembling light yet plays  
O'er the far-waving foliage ! Day's last blush  
Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,  
With a strange beauty—like the yellow flush  
That haunts the ocean, when the day goes by.  
Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass  
Like winter's shadows o'er the peaceful mind,  
T were sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,

With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast  
And happy palaces, and lead a life  
Of peace, in some green paradise like this.

The brazen trumpet, and the loud war-drum  
Ne'er startled these green woods :—the raging sword  
Hath never gathered its red harvest here!  
The peaceful Summer day hath never closed  
Around this quiet spot, and caught the gleam  
Of War's rude pomp :—the humble dweller here  
Hath never left his sickle in the field,  
To slay his fellow with unholy hand,  
The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan,  
The thrilling murmuring of the dying man,  
And the shrill shriek of mortal agony,  
Have never broke its sabbath solitude.

~~~~~  
TO —.

BY O. W. E. PEABODY.

Too lovely and too early lost !  
My memory clings to thee,  
For thou wast once my guiding-star  
Amid the treacherous sea ;  
But doubly cold and cheerless now,  
The wave too dark before,  
Since every beacon-light is quenched  
Along the midnight shore.

I saw thee first, when hope arose  
On youth's triumphant wing,  
And thou wast lovelier than the light  
Of early dawning spring.  
Who then could dream, that health and joy  
Would e'er desert the brow,  
So bright with varying lustre once,  
So chill and changeless now?

That brow! how proudly o'er it then,  
Thy kingly beauty hung,  
When wit, or eloquence or mirth  
Came burning from the tongue;  
Or when upon that glowing cheek  
The kindling smile was spread,  
Or tears, to thine own woes denied,  
For others' griefs were shed.

Thy mind! it ever was the home  
Of high and holy thought;  
Thy life, an emblem of the truths  
Thy pure example taught;  
When blended in thine eye of light,  
As from a royal throne,  
Kindness, and peace and virtue there,  
In mingled radiance shone.

One evening, when the autumn dew  
Upon the hills was shed,  
And Hesperus far down the west

His starry host had led,  
Thou saidst, how sadly and how oft  
To that prophetic eye,  
Visions of darkness and decline,  
And early death were nigh.

It was a voice from other worlds,  
Which none beside might hear ;—  
Like the night breeze's plaintive lyre,  
Breathed faintly on the ear ;  
It was the warning kindly given,  
When blessed spirits come,  
From their bright paradise above,  
To call a sister home.

How sadly on my spirit then,  
That fatal warning fell !  
But oh ! the dark reality  
Another voice may tell ;  
The quick decline—the parting sigh—  
The slowly moving bier—  
The lifted sod—the sculptured stone—  
The unavailing tear !—

The amaranth flowers that bloom in heaven,  
Entwine thy temples now ;  
The crown that shines immortally,  
Is beaming on thy brow ;  
The seraphs round the burning throne  
Have borne thee to thy rest,

To dwell among the saints on high,  
Companion of the blest.

The sun is set in folded clouds—  
Its twilight rays are gone,  
And gathered in the shades of night,  
The storm is rolling on.  
Alas! how ill that bursting storm  
The fainting spirit braves,  
When they, the lovely and the lost,  
Are gone to early graves.

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## THE STORM OF WAR.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

O! once was felt the storm of war!  
It had an earthquake's roar,  
It flashed upon the mountain height  
And smoked along the shore.  
It thundered in a dreaming ear  
And up the Farmer sprang;  
It muttered in a bold true heart  
And a warrior's harness rang.

It rumbled by a widow's door,—  
All but her hope did fail:  
It trembled through a leafy grove,  
And a maiden's cheek was pale

It leaps upon the sleeping sea  
And waves around it howl;  
It strides from top to foaming top  
Out-frowning ocean's scowl.

And yonder sailed the merchant ship—  
There was peace upon her deck;  
Her friendly flag from the mast was torn,  
And the waters whelmed the wreck.  
But the same blast that bore her down  
Filled a gallant daring sail,  
That loved the night of black'ning storm  
And laughed in the roaring gale.

The stream that was a torrent once  
Is rippled to a brook,  
The sword is broken, and the spear  
Is but a pruning hook.  
The mother chides her truant boy,  
And keeps him well from harm;  
While in the grove the happy maid  
Hangs on her lover's arm.

Another breeze is on the sea,  
Another wave is there  
And floats abroad triumphantly,  
A banner bright and fair.  
And peaceful hands and happy hearts,  
And gallant spirits keep  
Each star that decks it pure and bright  
Above the rolling deep.



## THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before  
As he passed by the door,  
And again,  
The pavement stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
So forlorn,  
And he shakes his feeble head  
That it seems as if he said,  
'They are gone.'

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has pressed  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb

My grandmama has said—  
Poor old lady—she is dead  
Long ago ;  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,  
But the old three cornered hat,  
And the breeches—and all that  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring—  
Let them smile as I do now  
At the old forsaken bough,  
Where I cling.

O. W. H.

## STANZAS.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

THE dead leaves strew the forest walk,  
And withered are the pale wild flowers ;  
The frost hangs black'ning on the stalk,  
The dew drops fall in frozen showers.  
Gone are the Spring's green sprouting bowers  
Gone Summer's rich and mantling vines.  
And Autumn with her yellow hours,  
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild toned note,  
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—  
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,  
There perched and raised her song for me.  
The Winter comes, and where is she ?  
Away—where summer wings will rove,  
Where buds are fresh, and every tree  
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,  
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,  
The northern breeze that rustles by  
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;  
No forest tree stands stript and bare,  
No stream beneath the ice is dead,  
No mountain top with sleety hair  
Bends o'er the snow its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds, and seek  
A happier clime, with livelier flight,  
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,  
And leave me lonely with the night.  
I'll gaze upon the cold north light,  
And mark where all its glories shone—  
See—that it all is fair and bright,  
Feel—that it all is cold and gone.

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## THE DEAD MARINER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

SLEEP on—sleep on—above thy corse  
The winds their sabbath keep,—  
The wave is round thee—and thy breast  
Heaves with the heaving deep ;  
O'er thee, mild eve her beauty flings,  
And there the white gull lifts her wings ;  
And the blue halcyon loves to lave  
Her plumage in the holy wave.

Sleep on—no willow o'er thee bends  
With melancholy air,  
No violet springs, nor dewy rose  
Its soul of love lays bare ;  
But there the sea-flower bright and young  
Is sweetly o'er thy slumbers flung ;

And, like a weeping mourner fair,  
The pale flag hangs its tresses there.

Sleep on—sleep on—the glittering depths  
Of ocean's coral waves  
Are thy bright urn—thy requiem  
The music of its waves ;—  
The purple gems forever burn •  
In fadeless beauty round thy urn ;  
And, pure and deep as infant love,  
The blue sea rolls its waves above.

Sleep on—sleep on—the fearful wrath  
Of mingling cloud and deep,  
May leave its wild and stormy track  
Above thy place of sleep.  
But when the wave has sunk to rest,  
As now 't will murmur o'er thy breast ;  
And the bright victims of the sea  
Perchance will make their home with thee.

Sleep on—thy corse is far away,  
But love bewails thee yet,—  
For thee the heart-wrung sigh is breathed,  
And lovely eyes are wet :—  
And she, the young and beauteous bride,  
Her thoughts are hovering by thy side ;  
As oft she turns to view with tears  
The Eden of departed years.

## TO THE DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

I PRAY thee by thy mother's face  
And by her look and by her eye,  
By every decent matron grace  
That hovered round the resting place  
Where thy young head did lie ;  
And by the voice that soothed thine ear,  
The hymn, the smile, the sigh, the tear,  
That matched thy changeful mood ;  
By every prayer thy mother taught—  
By every blessing that she sought,  
I pray thee to be good.

Is not the nestling, when it wakes  
Its eye upon the wood around,  
And on its new fledged, pinions takes  
Its taste of leaves and boughs and brakes—  
Of motion slight and sound,—  
Is it not like the parent? Then  
Be like thy mother, child, and when  
Thy wing is bold and strong ;  
As pure and steady be thy light—  
As high and heavenly be thy flight—  
As holy be thy song.

## THE SEA BOY TO HIS BARQUE.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

GLIDE gaily forth, my gallant barque  
Thy canvass proudly swell;  
Above thee is the glorious sky,  
Beneath, the mermaid's cell.  
The gems of ocean court thy smile,  
Then speed thee o'er the main,  
Free as the Arab courser's tread  
Upon his native plain.

The dolphin sports along thy track  
In many a graceful bound,  
And from yon beetling cliff is heard  
The sea-gull's mournful sound:  
Thy pennon from its airy couch  
Unfolds its crimson dress,  
Then launch upon thy watery way,  
The amorous waves to press.

How beauteous floats thy swan like form  
Along the mighty deep,  
While the moon's rays in silent pomp  
Upon the billows sleep!  
To rival thee, earth's loveliest charms  
In vain display their store,  
As from thy prow in sparkling gems  
The liquid treasures pour.

The breeze is fair, the anchor's weigh'd,  
And, as recedes the land,  
Headland and cliff, in distance dim,  
Like giant shadows stand.  
The eagle from his eyry springs  
Amazed, in doubt, to see  
His matchless pinions first surpassed  
In strength and speed by thee.

When from their chambers in the skies  
The vivid lightnings flash,  
And, borne upon the whirlwind's wrath,  
The waves in fury dash ;  
With fearless steps I tread thy deck,  
Nor heed the angry storm,  
As o'er the booming surges still  
Thou proudly rear'st thy form.

We go, my barque, where incense floats  
Upon the perfumed air,  
And from the cushioned mosque is heard  
The moslem voice of prayer :  
'To Allah !' still from turbaned hosts  
Resounds the solemn cry—  
'To Allah !' wafted on the breeze,  
The echoing hills reply.

Fair Venice too, with mirrored bay,  
Will meet my anxious gaze—  
Her domes and temples glittering yet  
Beneath the noontide blaze :



Though fall'n her pride, her glory fled,  
Their shadows still appear,  
And fancy wakes them in the song  
Of the merry gondolier.

When ample treasure toil repays,  
Again our course we'll steer  
To where Columbia's giant peaks  
Their hoary crests uprear:  
Again will rise in dreamy blue  
My native landscape, fair,  
While well known voices float along  
Upon the buoyant air.

My mother then this form will clasp  
In many a fond caress;  
My aged sire with smiles and tears  
His roving sea boy bless;  
The loved one bound with fawn-like tread  
And blush my gaze to meet,  
While I into her willing ear  
The oft pledged vow repeat.

And then, my barque, all perils past,  
No more we'll court the gale,  
But to the gentle south wind's breath  
Unfurl thy snow-white sail;  
And, bound in pleasure's joyous chase,  
We'll rove the summer sea,  
Thy faithful bosom bearing still  
My sylph-like maid and me

## THE YOUNG.

BY W. G. CLARK.

WHEN into dust, like dewy flowers departed,  
From our dim paths the bright and lovely fade;  
The fair in form—the pure—the gentle hearted,  
Whose looks within the breast a Sabbath made;  
How like a whisper on the inconstant wind,  
The memory of their voices stirs the mind!

We hear the sigh, the song, the fitful laughter  
That from their lips, in balm, were wont to flow,  
When hope's beguiling wings they hurried after,  
And drank her siren music long ago;  
While joy's bright harp to sweetest lays was strung  
And poured rich numbers for the loved and young!

When the clear stars are burning high in heaven,—  
When the low night-winds kiss the autumnal tree,  
And thoughts are deepening in the hush of even,  
How soft those voices on the heart will be!  
They breathe of raptures which have bloomed and  
died,  
Of sorrows, by remembrance sanctified.

Yet, when the loved have from our pathway vanished,  
*What potent magic can their smiles restore?*

Like some gay sun-burst, by the tempest banished,  
They passed in darkness—they will come no more.  
Unlike the day-beams, when the storm hath fled,  
No light renewed breaks on their lowly bed!

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## TO A LADY FOR A NOSEGAY.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

Who does not love a flower?  
Its hues are taken from the light  
Which summer's suns fling pure and bright  
In scattered and prismatic hues,  
That smile and shine in dropping dews;  
Its fragrance from the sweetest air,—  
Its form from all that's light and fair—  
Who does not love a flower?

A lesson to the giver.  
Not in the streets to bloom and shine,  
Not in the rout of noise and wine,  
Not trampled by the rushing crowd,  
Not in paved streets and cities proud—  
From danger safe from blighting free,  
Pure, simple, artless, let it be,  
An emblem of the giver.

I SEE THEE STILL.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

‘I rocked her in the cradle,  
And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest* :  
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm  
Of that sweet tie ? The youngest ne’er grow old.  
The fond endearments of our earlier days  
We keep alive in them, and when they die,  
Our youthful joys we bury with them.’

I see thee still :  
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,  
Calls thee in beauty from the dust ;  
Thou comest in the morning light,  
Thou’rt with me through the gloomy night ;  
In dreams I meet thee as of old ;  
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,  
And thy sweet voice is in my ear ;  
In every scene to memory dear,  
I see thee still.

I see thee still,  
In every hallowed token round ;  
This little ring thy finger bound,  
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,  
This silken chain by thee was braided,  
These flowers, all withered, now, like thee,  
Sweet SISTER. thou didst cull for me ;

This book was thine, here didst thou read ;  
This picture, ah ! yes, here, indeed,  
I see thee still.

I see thee still :  
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,  
Here was thy favorite fireside seat ;  
This was thy chamber, here, each day,  
I sat and watched thy sad decay ;  
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie,  
Here, on this pillow—thou didst die :  
Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold ;  
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,  
I see thee still.

I see thee still :  
Thou art not in the grave confined,  
Death cannot claim the immortal mind ;  
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
But goodness dies not in the dust ;  
Thee, O my SISTER, 't is not thee,  
Beneath the coffin's lid I see ;  
Thou to a fairer land art gone ;  
There, let me hope, my journey done,  
To see thee still.

## CANZONET.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THOU! oh thou, hast loved me,—dearest!  
When none other cared for me;—  
When my fortune seemed severest,  
Kindest was the smile from thee!

Yes! ah, yes! the lorn and lonely,  
Hollow hearts of worldlings shun;—  
Theirs are flowers of day, which only  
Open when they see the sun:

But, while theirs were all reposing  
In the absence of the light,—  
Like the cereus, thine unclosing  
Gave its sweetness to the night!



## LINES.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I KNEW that we must part—day after day,  
I saw the dread Destroyer win his way;  
That hollow cough first rang the fatal knell,  
As on my ear its prophet-warning fell;  
Feeble and slow thy once light footstep grew,  
Thy wasting cheek put on death's pallid hue,  
Thy thin, hot hand to mine more weakly clung,

Each sweet 'Good night' fell fainter from thy  
tongue ;  
I knew that we must part—no power could save  
Thy quiet goodness from an early grave ;  
Those eyes so dull, though kind each glance they  
cast,  
Looking a sister's fondness to the last ;  
Thy lips so pale, that gently pressed my cheek,  
Thy voice—alas! thou couldst but try to speak ;—  
All told thy doom, I felt it at my heart,  
The shaft had struck—I knew that we must part.

And we have parted, MARY—thou art gone !  
Gone in thine innocence, meek-suffering one.  
Thy weary spirit breathed itself to sleep  
So peacefully, it seemed a sin to weep,  
In those fond watchers who around thee stood,  
And felt, even then, that God, even then, was good.  
Like stars that struggle through the clouds of night,  
Thine eyes one moment caught a glorious light,  
As if to thee, in that dread hour, 't were given  
To know on earth what faith believes of Heaven ;  
Then like tired breezes didst thou sink to rest,  
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed.  
Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,  
And touched each feature with a newborn grace ;  
On cheek and brow unearthly beauty lay,  
And told that life's poor cares had passed away  
In my last hour be Heaven so kind to me,  
I ask no more than this—to die like thee.

But we have parted, MARY—thou art dead !  
On its last resting-place I laid thy head,  
Then by thy coffin-side knelt down, and took  
A brother's farewell kiss and farewell look ;  
Those marble lips no kindred kiss returned ;  
From those veiled orbs no glance responsive burned ;  
Ah ! then I felt that thou hadst passed away,  
That the sweet face I gazed on was but clay ;  
And then came Memory with her busy throng  
Of tender images, forgotten long ;  
Years hurried back, and as they swiftly rolled,  
I saw thee, heard thee, as in days of old ;  
Sad and more sad each sacred feeling grew,  
Manhood was moved, and sorrow claimed her due ;  
Thick, thick and fast the burning tear-drops started,  
I turned away—and felt that we had parted.

But not forever—in the silent tomb,  
Where thou art laid, thy kindred shall find room ;  
A little while, a few short years of pain,  
And, one by one, we'll come to thee again ;  
The kind old Father shall seek out the place,  
And rest with thee, the youngest of his race ;  
The dear, dear Mother, bent with age and grief,  
Shall lay her head by thine, in sweet relief ;  
Sister and Brother, and that faithful Friend,  
True from the first and tender to the end,  
All, all, in His good time, who placed us here,  
To live, to love, to die and disappear,  
Shall come and make their quiet bed with thee,



Beneath the shadow of that spreading tree ;  
With thee to sleep, through death's long dreamless  
night,  
With thee rise up, and bless the morning light.



## A MORNING HYMN.

BY W. G. CLARK.

'T is the rich hour, when gladsome waters leaping,  
Smile in the beauty of the gorgeous sky :  
When golden clouds, o'er distant summits sleeping,  
Like spirit-islands, bathed in glory lie ;—  
When to the South, to swelling gem-buds given,  
Come the bland kisses of the loving air,  
Burdened with balm, and wandering forth in  
heaven,  
While sounds of brooks and birds are mingling  
there.

Wake! ye that slumber! and a glorious vision,  
Richer than fancy to the mind can bring,  
Will on the observant eye in peace have risen  
'Till gushes from the heart, Affection's spring:  
For the broad sunlight, in rich floods descending,  
Each hill and vale paints deep in quivering gold,  
Gay light and music in one flow are blending,  
Where amber clouds their graceful skirts unfold.

And while from vale to vale, like incense given,  
Sounds on the breeze of morn the Sabbath bell,  
The chastened soul may lift its dream to heaven  
Till the rapt heart seems kindling in the spell;  
While, touched with day-beams, grove, and fount  
and river,

In the soft beauty of Contentment sleep,  
How should man conquer Passion's stormy fever  
And drink of peacefulness so pure and deep?

Why, when the anthems of the streams are swelling,  
And the fresh blossoms odorous tribute yield :—  
When gales delicious of sweet buds are telling,  
That humbly blooming, bend in every field? —  
Why should Man's heart no pure emotions cherish—  
Why should its reverence and affection die ;—  
When fragile birds and blossoms, born to perish,  
Make glad the chambers of the open sky !



## NIGHT WINDS.

BY HENRY LANCE.

THE rifted clouds are flying fast  
Across the moonlit sky :  
They ' turn their silver lining out '   
A moment on the eye,  
And then down to the ocean's rim  
In wild disorder pass,

And roll their thick and black'ning folds  
Into one mighty mass.  
A single star is bright above :  
How mild it glimmers forth,  
While the dark spirit of the gale  
Sweeps from the frozen north !

There is a music in the wind—  
How sadly on the soul,  
Like tidings from another sphere,  
Its tones of wildness roll ;  
The rushing of the tempest's wings  
Along the altered earth,  
To what mysterious sympathies  
And passions it gives birth !  
As if it stripped the lonely heart  
Of all its earthly ties,  
And bade it hold communion with  
The spirits of the skies !

The mournful music of the wind  
At midnight's still profound,  
What buried thoughts and faded hopes  
Awaken at its sound !  
The golden visions of the past,  
Now doubly bright to view—  
The dreams of glory and of fame,  
We deemed would once be true !  
They 're gone—the gilded colorings  
Of youth's unshaded day—  
And clouds instead of sunbeams fall  
Around our lonely way !

## THE LAST REQUEST.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

BURY me by the Ocean's side—  
O give me a grave on the verge of the deep,  
Where the noble tide,  
When the sea-gales blow, my marble may sweep—  
And the glistening surf  
Shall burst on my turf,  
And bathe my cold bosom in death as I sleep!

Bury me by the sea—  
That the vesper at eve-fall may ring o'er my grave,  
Like the hymn of the bee,  
Or the hum of the shell in the silent wave!  
Or an anthem-roar  
Shall be beat on the shore  
By the storm and the surge, like a march of the  
brave!

Bury me by the deep  
Where a living footstep never may tread -  
And come not to weep—  
O wake not with sorrow the dream of the dead!  
But leave me the dirge  
Of the breaking surge,  
And the silent tears of the sea on my head!

And grave no Parian praise—  
Purple no turf for the heartless tomb—

And burn no holy blaze,  
To flatter the awe of its solemn gloom!  
For the holier light  
Of the star-eyed night,  
And the violet morning my rest will illumine:

And honors, more dear  
Than of sorrow and love, shall be strewn on my clay  
By the young green year,  
With its fragrant dews and its crimson array—  
O leave me to sleep  
On the verge of the deep,  
Till the sky and the seas shall have past away!



## A SEA-PIECE.

A HOLY stillness, beautiful and deep,  
Reigns in the air and broods upon the ocean:  
The worn-out winds are quieted to sleep,  
And not a wave is lifted into motion.

The sea-bird skims along the glassy tide,  
With sidelong flight and wing of glancing whiteness:

Or floats upon the sea outstretching wide—  
A sheet of gold beneath the noonday's brightness.

The fleecy clouds hang on the deep blue sky,  
Into fantastic shapes of beauty moulded;

Reaching above each other, broad and high---  
The dazzling sunbeams in their bosoms folded.

It seems as if the burning cheek of day  
Were placed upon the ocean's noiseless pillow ;  
And both in harmonising slumber lay,  
Stirred by no cooling breeze or rippling billow.

How at an hour like this the dreaming mind  
Partakes the quiet that is shed around us ;  
As if the Power that stilled the restless wind,  
With the same soothing influence had bound us.

## STANZAS.

BY ST. GEORGE TUCKER.

DAYS of my youth,  
Ye have glided away ;  
Hairs of my youth,  
Ye are frosted and gray :  
Eyes of my youth,  
Your keen sight is no more :  
Cheeks of my youth,  
Ye are furrowed all o'er :  
Strength of my youth  
All your vigor is gone :  
Thoughts of my youth,  
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,  
I wish not your recall.  
Hairs of my youth,  
I'm content ye should fall:  
Eyes of my youth,  
You much evil have seen:  
Cheeks of my youth,  
Bathed in tears have you been:  
Thoughts of my youth,  
You have led me astray.  
Strength of my youth,  
Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,  
Ye will shortly be past:  
Pains of my age,  
Yet awhile can ye last:  
Joys of my age,  
In true wisdom delight:  
Eyes of my age,  
Be religion your light.  
Thoughts of my age,  
Dread ye not the cold sod.  
Hopes of my age,  
Be ye fixed on your God.

## THE LOST AT SEA.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

WIFE, who in thy deep devotion  
Puttest up a prayer for one,  
Sailing on the stormy ocean,  
Hope no more—his course is done.  
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,  
That he slumbers by thy side ;  
For his corse beneath the billow  
Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who as sweet flowers growing,  
Laugh amidst the sorrowing rains,  
Know ye many clouds are throwing  
Shadows on your sire's remains ?  
Where the hoarse gray surge is rolling  
With a mountain's motion on,  
Dream ye that its voice is tolling  
For your father lost and gone ?

When the sun looked on the water,  
As a hero on his grave,  
Tinging with the hue of slaughter  
Every blue and leaping wave,  
Under the majestic ocean,  
Where the giant currents rolled,  
Slept thy sire without emotion  
Sweetly by a beam of gold.



And the violet sunbeams slanted,  
Wavering through the crystal deep,  
Till their wonted splendors haunted  
Those shut eyelids in their sleep.  
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,  
Sparkled through his raven hair;  
But the sleep that knows no dreaming,  
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him; and to tell thee  
Of our sorrow and thine own,  
Of the wo that then befell thee  
Come we weary and alone.  
That thine eye is quickly shaded,  
That thy heart blood wildly flows,  
That thy cheek's clear hue is faded,  
Are the fruits of these new woes.

Children whose meek eyes inquiring  
Linger on your mother's face,  
Know ye that she is expiring  
That ye are an orphan race?  
God be with you on the morrow,  
Father, mother—both no more;  
One within a grave of sorrow,  
One upon the ocean's floor!

## RETURNING A STOLEN RING.

BY C. SHERRY.

WELL, lady, take again the ring,  
To deck that lily hand of thine,  
And with it take, the gift I bring,  
To lay on beauty's golden shrine.

With every joy and pleasure gay,  
May all thine hours roll swift along,  
And life in beauty glide away,  
Like the rich cadence of a song.

May friendship shed its gentle rays,  
To make the path before thee bright;  
And love serenely gild thy days,  
With a more deep and brilliant light.

And in that future happy time,  
Thine earlier friends perchance forgot,  
Say wilt thou read this careless ryme,  
And him who wrote remember not?

Remember not! and can it be  
That joyous memories ever die?  
That all my heart can feel for thee  
Is but a lightly whispered sigh?

Ay, it is written on our lot,  
That lot so varied, dark and strange,  
To meet, to pass and be forgot,  
In painful and perpetual change.

But dash this idle gloom away,  
And be again the gay and free ;  
Thou must not to thy dying day  
Forget this stolen ring and me !

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LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE birds, when winter shades the sky  
Fly o'er the seas away,  
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,  
And summer breezes play :

And thus the friends that flutter near  
While fortune's sun is warm,  
Are startled if a cloud appear,  
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains  
Each other warbler's past,  
The little snow bird still remains,  
And cherups midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng  
With fortune's sun depart,  
Still lingers with its cheerful song,  
And nestles on the heart.



## STANZAS.

THE voice of Spring ! and blushing flowers  
Lean trembling from their seats,  
Wooing from sunbeams and from showers  
A free exchange of sweets :  
Blithe birds their matin notes prolong  
Among the cottage vines :  
And cottage children list the song—  
Sweet incense to sweet shrines !  
Loth to depart, the sunny stream,  
Oft turning, glides away—  
All things of Paradise the dream  
To this dim spot convey.

Hearts ! which the sweet affections bind  
With nature's purest tie,  
Where hope and faith are deeply shrined,  
Too deeply, soon to die—  
Ye love the season ! pure as light,  
Untired the spirits play :  
Rich *dreams* are yours for coming night,  
And richer still for day—

'Speed, speed my bark ! life's laughing seas  
Are not as false as fair'—  
The white sail fills—cold blows the breeze  
And rocks have darkened there !

The voice of Autumn ! earth receives  
The summons of decay :—  
Rustling around, the yellow leaves  
Bestrew the wanderer's way.  
No bloom or balm to cheer the hours ;  
The blithe bird sings no more :  
Hoarse brawls the stream in forest bow'rs,  
That murmured sweet before :  
Through the black woodland, dim and pale  
The dying hills appear ;  
And hark ! the moaning night-winds wail  
The requiem of the year !

Hearts ! where misfortune has effaced  
The sunrise beams of youth ;  
And cold experience truly traced,  
'Earth is no home for truth ;'  
Fame, friendship, pleasure—vainly bought—  
Love—wasted to a sigh—  
Dark night descending—ere ye thought  
The gentle evening nigh :  
What hope remains ? 'lone Autumn's smile  
To mourners kindly given—  
Wasted on changing earth awhile—  
Beams from unchanging heaven.'

## NIGHT

BY F. S. ECKARD

NIGHT! solitary night!  
Sleep on the weary, pleasant dreams for wo,  
On the worn heart a freshness and delight,  
Dost thou bestow:

Birds on the sheltering nest,  
Young flowers unfolded to the dewy air,  
And thought ascending to the worlds of rest,  
Thy sway declare.

With thee a shadowy band,  
Rise like remembered music on our ears,  
And vanished hope, whose arch of promise spanned  
The coming years.

Night! solitary night!  
Bards of undying fame and power are thine,  
Shedding rich gleams of intellectual light  
Around thy shrine:

Oh, how wert thou adored,  
When the Chaldean read thy bright array,  
And science through the starry maze explored  
Her radiant way!

Awak'ner of high thought;  
And passion struggling with the solid earth!

By thee mankind are eloquently taught  
Their primal worth.

Night! solitary night!  
Immortal pages, glowing with deep song,  
And minds inspired outwinging human flight  
To thee belong!



## TO A FRIEND.

FAREWELL! perchance we meet no more  
Upon this dreary earth;  
Fill up! for parting hours should be  
The tempest-time of mirth;  
Too soon they'll pass, and weariness  
Cling to this heart and thine—  
So let us tinge the coming cloud  
With the rosy flash of wine.

Thou just one! in thy spirit  
The ancient spirit burns;  
Its truth, its courage, and its faith  
Beam from thine eye by turns:  
I throw me on thy trusting breast  
And starts the unbidden tear—  
A tribute on the unsullied shrine  
Of thy affection here.

They told thee I was stern and cold,  
And bade thee turn away  
From one by his own feeling doomed  
To wither and decay—  
Fools! little know they that the heart  
Now throbbing 'gainst thine own  
Resigns its *citadel* to pride—  
To tenderness its *throne*.

Fill up! and when the golden wine  
Touches the sparkling brim,  
We'll drink the memory of that star  
Whose light grew early dim;  
Our friend—our brother—he who rests  
On the far Indian shore—  
His cheerful smile and manly song  
Can gladden us no more.

Peace to his ashes! o'er his grave  
The screaming sea-bird wheels;  
The silver wave, with timid step,  
To kiss its bosom steals,  
The spicy winds moan over it  
A sadly musical strain—  
But fill! here 's the name of MILLER -  
Once more—again—again!

Alas, alas, that MEMORY  
Should be still in love with Wo;  
That her brightest glances linger  
On the dreariest spots below,  
20\*



Look on her storied tablet—  
The page thy soul reveres—  
Doth it tell of storm or sunshine?  
Of smiles or bitter tears?

Farewell! perchance we meet no more  
Upon this dreary earth;  
Fill up! for parting hours should be  
The tempest-time of mirth;  
Be there one word for a talisman  
Fore'er 'twixt thee and me—  
A spell to conjure pleasant dreams—  
That word is 'CONSTANCY.'



## THE BILLET-DOUX.

IN ages long past, when the Paphian bower  
Was dear to the Graces, and sacred to Love,  
With wings like a zephyr's, from flower to flower,  
There moved in its shadows a beautiful dove.  
And over the pillow of Cupid was heard  
At morn and at evening the song of his bird.

But Cupid, who fled from the side of his mother,  
To rove with Ianthe and play with her hair,  
Committing one negligence after another,  
Was banished a season from Paphos the fair.  
'Temptation avoid!' cried the goddess—Love heard  
And fled, but Ianthe protected his bird.

With Reason to tutor him into his duty,  
His plumage all clipped, (for he strove to be free,)  
They carried him far from the bower of beauty,  
To where a dark island arose on the sea.  
Love wept, for no longer, to soothe him, he heard  
Ianthe's soft voice or the song of his bird.

One eve, as they gazed on the day that was dying,  
From the western pavilions of crimson and blue,  
The silver-winged dove through the sunset came  
flying,  
And bore from Ianthe a kind billet-doux.  
Both snatched at the darling, but said not a word  
While Love got the letter, and Reason the bird.



## SONG.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

'T is the season of tender delight,  
The season of fresh-springing flowers ;  
The green earth is covered with spangles of white,  
And Love leads the rapturous hours.  
Glad Nature is loud in her transport of pleasure,  
The valleys and mountains reecho her lay ;  
The robin now warbles his love-breathing measure,  
And scatters the blossoms while tilting the spray.  
One impulse of tenderness thrills thro' the groves,  
While the birds carol sweetly their innocent loves.

The Westwind ! how mildly he blows,  
What fragrance his light pinions bear—  
He breathes, as if fearful to brush from the rose  
The dew-drops so tremulous there.  
The brook flowing softly among the green cresses  
So lightsomely dashes their branches away,  
It seems some fond mother who while she caresses,  
Would sportfully chide her young children at  
play.  
Hear the minstrel-bee lulling the blossoms to rest,  
For the nectar he sips as the wild-flowers guest !

Look out then on Nature, awhile ;  
Observe her inviting thee now,—  
Benevolence beams in her sunshiny smile,  
And blandishment sits on her brow ;—  
Come stray with me, love, where the fountains are  
flowing,  
And wild-flowers cluster to drink of the stream ;  
While watching the lily and daffodil blowing,  
No moment of bliss shall so exquisite seem.  
When Nature invites thee, oh why then delay ?  
While joy is still waking, away ! love, away !

## THE ANNOYER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Love knoweth every form of air,  
And every shape of earth,  
And comes unbidden, every where,  
Like thought's mysterious birth.  
The moon-lit sea and the sunset sky  
Are written with Love's words,  
And you hear his voice unceasingly,  
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart  
From the tip of a stooping plume,  
And the serried spears and the many men  
May not deny him room.  
He 'll come to his tent in the weary night,  
And be busy in his dream;  
And he 'll float to his eye in the morning light,  
Like a ray on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,  
And rides on the echo back,  
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,  
And flits in his woodland track,  
The shade of the wood and the sheen of the river  
The cloud and the open sky—  
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,  
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,  
And ponders the silver sea,  
For Love is under the surface hid,  
And a spell of thoughts has he.  
He heaves the waves like a bosom sweet,  
And speaks in the ripple low,  
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,  
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,  
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer:  
And profanes the cell of the holy man,  
In the shape of a lady fair.  
In the darkest night and the bright daylight,  
In earth and sea and sky,  
In every home of the human thought,  
Will Love be lurking nigh.

## THE CORAL GROVE.—

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a Coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air :  
There with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :  
There with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,  
Has made the top of the wave his own :

And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And dæmons are waiting the wreck on shore ;  
Then far below in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.



## WE MEET AGAIN.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

WE meet again—there is no power  
To blot the joy of this glad hour ;  
But oft as on her welcome wings  
The hush of happy eventide brings  
The mellow notes that tune the brake,  
The glow that smooths the burnished lake,—  
Will memory bring—oh, not in vain,—  
This sweet farewell,—we meet again.

We meet again—those locks that flow  
O'er the broad dreamy brow below,—  
The glory of that chastened eye,  
Those love-wreathed lips,—this heartfelt sigh,  
The tokens of this hour of bliss,—  
Our melting hearts, this sacred kiss,—

Swear for me that I will not stain  
This pure farewell,—we meet again.

We meet again,—no lonely spot  
Can hide where you may be forgot,—  
For I will mock at fear and harm,  
At midnight spell and secret charm,  
And tread its inmost mazes through  
To bare my faithful heart to you ;—  
You may not doubt this maddening brain,  
This wild farewell—we meet again.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

I AM the spirit of the viewless air,  
Upon the rolling clouds I plant my throne,  
I move serenely, when the fleet winds bear  
My palace in its flight, from zone to zone ;  
High on the mountain top I sit alone,  
Shrouding behind a veil of night my form,  
And when the trumpet of assault has blown,  
Career upon the pinions of the storm ;  
By me the gales of morning sweetly blow,  
Waving, along the bank, the bending flowers ;  
'Tis at my touch, the clouds dissolving flow,  
When flitting o'er the sky, in silent showers ;  
I send the breeze to play among the bowers,



And curl the light-green ripples on the lake ;  
I call the sea-wind in the sultry hours,  
And all his train of gentle airs awake ;  
I lead the zephyr on the dewy lawn  
To gather up the pearls that speck it o'er,  
And when the coolness of the night has gone,  
I send it, where the willows crown the shore ;  
I sit within the circle of the moon,  
When the fair planet smiles, and brightly throws  
Around the radiance of her clearest noon,  
Till every cloud, that passes by her, glows,  
When folds of fleecy vapor hang the sky,  
Borne on the night-wind through the silent air,  
And as they float, the stars seem rushing by,  
And the moon glides away in glory there ;  
I lead the wild fowl, when his untried wing  
Boldly ascends the vernal arch of blue,  
Before him on his airy path I fling  
A magic light, that safely guides him through ;  
When lost in distant haze, I send his cry,  
Floating in mellow tones along the wind,  
Then like a speck of light he hurries by,  
And hills, and woods, and lakes are left behind :  
When clouds are gathering, or when whirlwinds  
    blow,  
When Heaven is dark with storms, or brightly fair,  
Where'er the viewless waves of ether flow,  
Calm, or in tempest rolling, I am there.

## CALM AT SEA.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

THE night is clear,  
The sky is fair,  
The wave is resting on the ocean ;  
And far and near  
The silent air  
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

There is no gale  
To fill the sail,  
No wind to heave the curling billow ;  
The streamers droop,  
And trembling stoop,  
Like boughs, that crown the weeping willow

From off the shore  
Is heard the roar  
Of waves in softest motion rolling ;  
The twinkling stars,  
And whispering airs  
Are all to peace the heart controlling.

The moon is bright,  
Her ring of light,  
In silver, pales the blue of Heaven,  
Or tints with gold,  
Where lightly rolled,  
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.

How calm and clear  
The silent air!  
How smooth and still the glassy ocean!  
While stars above  
Seem lamps of love,  
To light the temple of devotion.

~~~~~  
GREECE.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

1832.

LAND of the brave! where lie inurned  
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,  
In whom the fire of valor burned  
And blazed upon the battle's fray :  
Land, where the gallant Spartan few  
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,  
When death his purple garment threw  
On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers  
Her soul entrancing echoes rung,  
While on their course the rapid hours  
Paused at the melody she sung—  
Till every grove and every hill,  
And every stream that flowed along,  
From morn to night repeated still  
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!  
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?  
Her banner float above thy waves  
Where proudly it hath swept before?  
Hath not remembrance then a charm  
To break the fetters and the chain,  
To bid thy children nerve the arm,  
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls! the light which shone  
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,  
The light which beamed on Marathon,  
Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play;  
And thou art but a shadow now,  
With helmet shattered—spear in rust—  
Thy honor but a dream—and thou  
Despised—degraded in the dust!

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old  
Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,  
When the loud chant of triumph told  
How fatal was the despot's doom?—  
The bold three hundred—where are they,  
Who died on battle's gory breast?  
Tyrants have trampled on the clay,  
Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill  
A glory shines of ages fled;  
And fame her light is pouring still,  
Not on the living, but the dead!

But 'tis the dim sepulchral light,  
Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,  
As moon-beams on the brow of night,  
When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance  
Behold thy banner waves afar;  
Behold the glittering weapons glance  
Along the gleaming front of war!  
A gallant chief, of high emprise,  
Is urging foremost in the field,  
Who calls upon thee to arise  
In might—in majesty revealed.

In vain in vain the hero calls—  
In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!  
His banner totters—see! it falls  
In ruin, Freedom's battle shroud:  
Thy children have no soul to dare  
Such deeds as glorified their sires;  
There valor's but a meteor's glare,  
Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land! where genius made his reign,  
And reared his golden arch on high;  
Where science raised her sacred fane,  
Its summits peering to the sky;  
Upon thy clime the midnight deep  
Of ignorance hath brooded long,  
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep  
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm  
Hath passed in giant fury by,  
To blast the beauty of thy form,  
And spread its pall upon the sky!  
Gone is thy glory's diadem,  
And freedom never more shall cease  
To pour her mournful requiem  
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

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## SONG OF THE BEE.

BY O. C. WYMAN.

Away, away, to the anxious flower  
That droops and pines for its truant bee;  
With beauty renewed like the morning hour  
'T will wait for my coming with anxious glee.  
Ah little, but little, the rose-spirit dreams  
Of the last dear place of her wanderer's rest—  
Like the evening dew, in the mountain streams,  
She would waste should I tell of the tulip's breast.  
Away, away, for the earliest kiss  
Must be mine from the freshest and sweetest rose;  
Oh! there's nought upon earth like the young bee's  
bliss.  
When the morning rose-leaves over him close.  
Hid from the beam of his rival—Sun,  
Couched in the bosom of beauty's flower,  
He rests, till its choicest treasures are won,  
From the scorching ray or the drenching shower

TO A LADY, WITH A WITHERED LEAF.

BY W. G. CROSBY.

WHAT offering can the minstrel bring,  
To cast upon affection's shrine?  
'T was hard thy magic spell to fling  
O'er the fond heart already thine!

Thou wouldst not prize the glittering *gem*,  
Thou wouldst but cast the *pearl* away;  
For thine is now a diadem,  
Of lustre brighter far than they

I will not bring the spring-tide flower,  
Reposing on its gentle leaf;  
Its memory lives but for an hour—  
I would not *thine* should be as brief.

*My heart!*—but that has long been thine—  
'T were but a worthless offering;  
The ruin of a rifled shrine,  
A flower that fast is withering.

*My song!*—'t is but a mournful strain,  
So deep in sorrow's mantle clad,  
E'en echo will not wake again  
The music of a strain so sad.

A *withered leaf!*—nay, scorn it not,  
Nor deem it all unworthy thee;

It grew upon a hallowed spot,  
And sacred is its memory.

I plucked it from a lonely bough,  
That hung above my *mother's grave*,  
And felt, e'en then, that none but thou  
Could'st prize the gift affection gave

She faded with the flowers of spring,  
That o'er her lifeless form were cast,—  
And when I plucked this faded thing,  
'T was shivering in the autumn blast.

'T was the last one !—all—all were gone,  
They bloomed not where the yew trees wave ;  
This leaf and I were left alone,  
Pale watchers o'er my mother's grave.

I marked it, when full oft I sought  
That spot so dear to memory ;  
I *loved* it—for I fondly thought,  
It lingered there to mourn with me !

I've moistened it with many a tear,  
I've hallowed it with many a prayer :  
And while this bursting heart was clear  
From guilt's dark stain, I shrined it there.

Now, lady, now the gift is thine !  
O, guard it with a vestal's care ;  
Make but thine angel heart its shrine,  
And I will kneel and worship there !



